DAWN IN SWAZILAND

THE EX-QUEEN OF SWAZILAND

[*Frontispiece*

DAWN IN SWAZILAND

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PREFACE.

This little book is an attempt to describe the development of life and work on the religious side as the writer has understood it during the last fifteen years in Swaziland. The kindness, sympathy and generosity shown by the people of Swaziland towards him have made them years of the greatest happiness. He has tried to repay this by giving an accurate and truthful account of much that he has seen and heard, so that in the years of change that lie ahead a record of the country as we knew it when the Old Swazilander had not yet passed away, nor the new one taken possession, may be preserved. To the writer the purpose of life was that he might serve as a Minister of Christ in a pioneer country. The quiet recognition of that fact has caused his friends in Swaziland to be forbearing and forgiving to his many failings and mistakes. May it also cause the readers of this book to forbear much.

His gratitude is due to his Honour the Resident Commissioner of Swaziland and to

Mr. A. M. Miller, J.P., for much historical information.

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C. C. WATTS.

St. Mark's Coloured School,
Empolonjeni, 1922.

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CHAPTER I.

A LAND OF CONTRASTS.

"Ah! *Swaziland*, I know, one of those turbulent little republics in South America," remarked a lady during a voyage from Cape Town to England. As a matter of fact, Swaziland is part of the British Empire, and is situated in South Africa. It is a Crown colony the size of Wales, and has a population of about 100,000 Swazis and 2,000 Europeans. Few people know anything about it, for it lies far from railways, and is well out of the beaten track of commerce, or of travellers. Imagine a country shaped somewhat like a saucer, the rim being mountains, and the flat part on which the cup should stand a vast wooded plain, with but a sparse population of very primitive natives, and a few European traders and cattle-ranchers. Place this about ninety miles south of Delagoa Bay, cut off from the sea by a narrow strip of native country called Tongaland, and in the angle where the boundaries of Zululand, Natal, the Transvaal, and Portuguese East Africa all draw together, and you have an idea of the position of Swaziland on the map.

It is the country described in *Jock of the Bushveld*, —one of those immortal books which never fail to

charm all generations of men, for it has caught the real spirit of the people and of the animals of the place—and it is easy to understand the charm and spell that the land casts over all who know it. In olden days it used to be said that once a man had drunk of the sweet water of the Nile, the remembrance of it would remain with him all his life, however many years might pass, or to whatever distance he might wander, and that the spell would draw him back to drink again and again. " Once a Swazilander, always a Swazilander," is a saying amongst the European pioneers, and it is a fact that few men who have entered into Swaziland life care afterwards for any other. They may leave the country for a time, but they almost invariably return.

One reason for this is undoubtedly the beauty of the place. Swaziland has been called the Switzerland of South Africa, and the grandeur of its rugged mountain heights gives it a claim to the title.

As one enters the country from the Transvaal at dawn of day, when the mists roll off and the rising sun dyes their black peaks a rosy red, and as one sees a panorama of mountain heights, the solemn glory of the " Everlasting Hills " sinks into the soul as it did into that of the Psalmist. At the foot of the hills may be seen the deep blue stream of the Komati, winding its way down a deep and fertile valley, and giving the touch of gentle quiet beauty which is needed in such a scene.

The road keeps along a highland ridge, and passing through a neck in the mountain-chain descends many hundred feet, amidst granite boulders, past gorges

and ravines full of bright semi-tropical vegetation and cascades of falling waters, which leap from rock to rock, and with their spray water a dense growth of maidenhair and ferns; past level patches of country clothed with bright green grass on which sheep and cattle graze.

At length one sees, on a shoulder of the mountain side, large plantations of trees, and here and there the white roof of a European house. This is Mbabane, the capital of the country, and its seat of government. As we enter its clean and well-kept street with trees planted on each side, we notice the "Union Jack of Old England" floating from a lofty flagstaff outside the Government offices, and as we have entered the country from the Transvaal, this unfamiliar sight gives great pleasure. The town itself is a mere hamlet consisting of 200 European residents, and contains six little stores or shops. In these stores are to be found a miscellaneous collection of articles of all kinds, some of which have strayed outside and stand upon the wide verandahs: clothing, tinned foods, tools, furniture, and ploughs for Europeans; Kaffir-corn, beads, blankets, looking-glasses, and gewgaws of all kinds for natives. The traveller from England will be struck by the extraordinary contrasts which the place presents. A high civilisation and a most primitive form of barbarism are to be seen here side by side. The traveller has hardly had time to notice that the streets and houses are lighted by electric light, and that the post and Government offices are good substantial buildings, when some native wedding-party, or a

group of raw savages come dancing and singing down the street. The men are naked, save for a wild-cat or other skin worn as a loin-cloth, and bunches of twisted, brightly coloured wools about their persons. They have also great mops of untrained hair upon their heads, for all the world like some child's big golliwog. In their hands are little battle-axes, triangular in shape, spears and knob-kerries of Swazi fashion, *i.e.*, cut from the roots of trees with the knob on one side and sharpened to an edge. Some have shields made of ox-skin. The women who are married have their woolly hair built up upon a foundation of clay in a great pile, above the head, and wear a sort of blackened and well-greased leather apron. The girls have their hair twisted into rat-tails, and are decorated with gaudy strings of beads. Stout and well set-up (the practice of carrying weights upon the head gives to the women a grace and ease of carriage unknown to Europeans), shining with health, good nature, and bursting with animal spirits, they pass upon their way leaping and shouting in very joy of life! But "toot, toot" down the road comes the big modern motor of some Government official. Inside is seated a European lady, dressed in the latest Paris fashions. She will call at the Government office to get the latest news from Europe by Reuter's wire, and to take her husband off to tennis. In the evening they will sit round the fire, for the nights are often very cold with severe frost, and will read the London papers and the latest books sent out by the *Times'* Book Club at home.

A land of contrasts ! Such is Swaziland. One can leave Mbabane on horseback and in an hour leave all traces of civilisation behind. Following native tracks, crossing streams at shallow places, or even having to swim, passing but a few small native kraals *en route*, seeing no white face or sign of their presence in the country, the traveller might be Livingstone journeying out into the unknown, for all that he can see. But should he direct his course rightly, and be capable of riding some fifty miles a day, evening will bring him to a cattle ranch with good stone buildings and bulls of pedigree English stock. The writer has often ridden all day in pouring rain, swum a river, passed through grand, though desolate, mountain scenery without seeing either man or beast ; and then, in the evening, been regaled with strawberries and cream, listened to the latest music on the gramaphone, and enjoyed all the luxuries of a white man's well-appointed house. On such occasion it is hardly possible to conceive the keenness of the contrast. A high civilisation and absolute barbarism side by side ; a high standard of European life and comfort maintained in the midst of a native people who are still living in primitive ways, and in a country for the most part quite undeveloped. Here, too, we find great contrasts in the minds and outlook of the people. We find Europeans of the highest character and education, just, honourable, and brave—those who are the real builders of the British Empire at its best ; men who think of life as a trust from God not to be selfishly or foolishly expended, and who give freely of themselves to guide and teach the

degraded heathen by whom they are surrounded. We find others who have been pushed out of more civilised places because they wish to do as little work as possible, and to live in a country where immorality of the grossest kind and drunkenness are easy, and are not followed by such swift retribution as in other places. All these mix more or less freely together under the conditions of good-fellowship that exist when the white men are few in the land.

Amongst the natives, too, a similar contrast is found. The old father, sitting in the sun, wrapped in a dirty blanket (watching his sons herd his cattle, and his wives hoe their little patches of mealies) will be visited by his son who is working in Johannesburg. He has arrived on a bicycle, and is dressed in the most exaggerated form of white men's fashions. And many are the tales of the wonderful machinery on the mines, of the trains, of the trams ; yes, and of the strikes and the life in the European underworld in a great town, that he can tell. No wonder the old Swazis say that they no longer know if they are " standing on their heads or on their feet ; the world is upside down." As one old man put it to the writer : " You white people have taken our land, you have destroyed all our old customs and put us under your laws, you have made us pay taxes, you have altered all the ways of our young men and girls, and now you want to teach us about your God also."

The Swazi nation is in the melting-pot, indeed. The metal boils, and bubbles of every kind come to the surface and explode.

Even in the scenery of the land it is the contrasts that add much to its beauty. We see rugged and sombre mountains covered with huge granite boulders that have been thrown and tossed by now extinct volcanic forces, and blackened by the passing of the ages. Range after range they stretch away into the farthest distance, while at their feet lie little fertile valleys, each with its crystal stream. Here and there a little kloof is filled with tree-ferns and rich growth of many kinds, while over its moss-grown rocks leap down the waters of a silvery cascade. On the foot-hills are to be seen slopes of grass dotted here and there with cattle, and with the wood-fire smoke of many native kraals curling lazily into the clear air. The country is for the most part open and undulating, broken only by tracks and dongas.

As the traveller makes his way across the flat bushveld, he may sometimes imagine he is crossing an English park, and that at any moment he may come upon an ancient manor-house or a keeper's cottage. At other times he is confronted by an arid patch of yellow thorn-bush, and has to travel a quarter of a mile to avoid a huge clump of scarlet-flowering shrub. The aromatic smell of the bushveld is in his nostrils, he hears the scream and whistles of many bright-plumaged birds, and at times he catches a glimpse of an antelope bounding over the bushes or feeding on a recent grass-burn. Here and there flights of large butterflies play lazily in the hot air on the banks of a stream. The very life of joy and colour, and of the gratification of the senses, steals over him, and he realises that call of the bushveld

which is in the marrow of every old Swazilander's bones.

The climate is sub-tropical, and displays violent contrasts. What could be more beautiful than a bright summer morning in the wet season, with a cloudless sky overhead. But see! A little cloud, fleecy and white, appears on the horizon, and grows rapidly in size and depth. The traveller must hurry on and seek shelter for man and horse, for in a moment the storm may be upon him and may bring hailstones as large as pigeons' eggs. Soon the sky is black with clouds, while the wind increases to a gale, and flashes of lightning play round the mountain-tops. Down comes the rain—not in drops, but in torrents, with one continuous roar, and the little streams are turned into raging floods. The traveller stands drenched to the skin as the lightning plays on the rocks around, and the wind drives the water into his every pore. Should the hail come, too, he must take off his saddle and use it as a protection for his head. Fortunately, hailstones of a dangerous size are not common, though in Swaziland they have been known to be as large as cricket balls, and to go through corrugated iron. Let us hope that the traveller has not to cross a river in order to complete his journey, for swimming with a horse in boiling flood needs some courage and skill. But now the storm is over, and as the sun looks through the clouds, Swaziland is in good humour again, and more beautiful than ever.

In the cloudless days of winter, when the Boer sheep come in in their thousands to graze on the

A NATIVE KRAAL

HIGH STREET, MBABANE

A SWAZI MAN AND TWO SWAZI GIRLS

hills, the nights are cool and the days are warm, but when Swaziland winter rains come, and for several days a cold driving mist chills to the very bones, the new-born lambs die in their hundreds, and travel becomes almost impossible, as even the best-known tracks are obscured. A visitor to Swaziland, after jogging along slowly on the slippery road, mile after mile, wet and cold and very tired, turned to the writer with inexpressible disgust and exclaimed, " This is sunny Swaziland ! "

The same traveller, however, two days after, could not say enough in its praise. It is a land of contrasts !

A longer visit but confirms his first impressions. In the court-house next day he finds this case on trial : A middle-aged Swazi, naked but for his skin loin-cloth, is being tried for the murder of a man at a neighbouring kraal. And this is the tale he tells with dramatic power and feeling : " I was married to two wives, and lived happily enough with them and my little son at my kraal—interfering with no one and at peace. But the fact that my first wife had no children had always made me suspect some neighbour, and that some evil-minded witch had cast a spell upon her. I wished to take no active steps as yet, and lived in peace ; but there came a time when this first wife got very sick and I feared might die. I sent for a witch-doctor, and he confirmed me in what I feared. The woman was bewitched, and a neighbour two miles off had cast the spell. The man the witch-doctor had smelt out was the man I always feared. I did not like his looks at any time, and lately especially he had seemed to bear

me malice. But I did not at this time wish to kill him, but only if possible to turn him from his evil purpose. I went to see him and to reason with him. I said I had never been his enemy or wished him harm—why would he not let me and mine alone? But the man answered me in anger and railed upon me, and I went home with a sad heart. After a few days my wife died and my heart was heavy with grief and with the anger I bore that wicked man who had cast the spell upon her. For some months the evil man did me no further harm, and we lived happily together, my second wife, my child and I. But the cattle and the crops did not flourish, and my mind was uneasy, for I felt the evil spells of my enemy were still working around my home. A few months passed away, and then my second wife fell sick. Again I appealed to my enemy, again I told him my only desire was to live and let him live in peace, and I besought him to spare my wife. He drove me away with evil words and sour looks. A few days later my wife died. I was now a lonely man, and all that was left me was the boy. I dearly loved him, but every day I feared some evil spell of my enemy would fall upon him. Dread and hatred of this wicked, cruel man filled my mind. At last I could bear the anxiety no longer. I went out at night and set fire to his hut. As he crept out through the little door I speared him in the back and killed him. Now at last I could rest in peace. The wicked sorcerer was dead. I know that I killed him, but it was done to save my child."

But let us listen to another case. A child has been

brought with all its fingers burned away with hot stones, and injured in other barbarous ways. It seems it had been born an idiot, and in spite of all threats would creep out and steal the mealies in a neighbour's gardens. A witch-doctor's advice had been sought, and he had advised these terrible cruelties to drive out the evil spirits that possessed the child. A case of poisoning is the next—one that might serve as the plot for some novel of the middle ages. And these cases are tried by English magistrates and English law. Some of the witnesses in these cases are natives dressed in the most exaggerated of the English fashions—servants or dependents of the white people who have been in Johannesburg at work—and some are old women in a single and very dirty old skin native apron. Here, again, are to be seen striking contrasts !

If he travel but a few miles on horseback from Mbabane, the stranger might easily imagine that he was journeying out into the unknown. He must find his way across country as best he may, for there are no traces of civilisation to guide him on his way. He must find the crossings of the rivers as best he may. But if he is fortunate the evening may find him at some white man's house enjoying full European hospitality and discussing the latest problems of the day.

The scenery is full of contrast, too—there are great treeless, barren mountains covered with huge black boulders—valleys, each one with its little stream, and then mile after mile of bushveld, for all the world like some vast park at home. He can see many

species of big game living as wild as ever in their native home, and huge imported bulls of the last European breed on some ranch—all in the course of one day's ride.

The effect upon the native mind and character of this complete civilisation so suddenly thrust upon them is, as would be expected, of a very complicated kind. We see social, moral and mental indigestion, with symptoms, sometimes painful and alarming, and sometimes ludicrous. When the native remains in his own country the process is probably to the good ; when he goes to work on the mines in Johannesburg—" the University of crime for the native," as Mr. John X. Merriman, the oldest statesman of South Africa, described it—it is frankly to the bad. But in either case the process is inevitable, and is becoming more so from day to day.

The native indunas, or headmen of the nation, about two years ago petitioned the Resident Commissioner to open a good school for their sons. They offered that each native in the country should pay an extra 2s. per head on his tax for this purpose. " Since the coming of the white people they did not know if they were standing on their head or their feet. Too old to learn themselves, they wished their sons trained in good paths." And now, within a mile of the Royal kraal—the centre of the old dark heathen influence in the country and of the organised immorality of native customs—stands a school under a capable and strong native headmaster, who was trained in the diocese of St. John's, Kaffraria, and was sent up as a missionary to this country.

In Swaziland the field is indeed white for the harvest. Will civilisation bring good or evil to these virile, good-natured, and impressionable natives? The answer depends upon the work that the Christian Church can do there in the next few years. Christianity, and a disciplined, orderly Christianity, can alone supply the light to guide the native race in its dangerous progress. The large Church European boarding school at Mbabane, the coloured boarding school at Empolonjeni, the native schools dotted about the country, are an attempt to answer the problem. "The educational work of the Church amongst the European, the coloured, and the native is the best and most promising thing I have seen in the country," said Lord Buxton, formerly Governor-General of South Africa.

CHAPTER II.

HISTORY OF SWAZILAND.

The native name of Swaziland is Kwangwane, and that of the people Amangwane, which means the people of Ngwane. The word Swaziland was invented about 1850, when European hunters and traders first came to the country. At that time the native king was Mswazi, and from his name the word was made up. Of the history of the natives of the country, or Swazis as they are now called, little is known, and probably there is little of interest, their record being merely the usual one in Africa, that of one small tribe gradually extending its influence over surrounding small tribes and absorbing them into itself. The Swazis are a stoutly built race, well set-up, with pleasing features and good manners, possessed of a good deal of physical courage, and with the ready good nature and absence of malice and vindictiveness which have characterised Africans all down the ages, and have made them the slaves of other races. They belong to the Bantu group of nations, and are nearly allied in appearance, customs, and language to the Zulu, Tonga, Shangane, Amakosi, and Basutu. The tribe migrated south in company with other tribes from the Zambesi region, driving

out the Hottentots, bushmen, and original inhabitants of the land. Like all the Bantu peoples, they are of negro origin, but with an admixture of Arab or other Asiatic blood. This is shown most clearly in the shape of their skulls, which are much shorter and have a loftier and squarer forehead than those of the negro, and by the teeth, lips, and nose, which are often of distinctly Arab type. Indeed, it is no unusual thing to find a Swazi who might be a woolly-haired Arab, while some of them are copper-coloured, and others are jet-black. Many of their customs are Semitic in origin, and might be described in language taken from the pages of the Old Testament. Before the coming of the white men, their habits were very primitive, and though they knew how to smelt and work iron, they were completely ignorant of any other civilised arts. Their language, which abounds in idioms and is full of imagery, contains over 20,000 words, and gives the impression that they have degenerated from a higher plane of civilisation. This may be accounted for by their intense belief in the existence and power of witchcraft, which caused them to kill off the more intelligent representatives of their race. Should a man acquire more wealth in cattle than his neighbour, or live in any new or better way, he would at once be smelt out as a "witch" and killed. This custom, carried out during many generations, would have secured the survival of the least enterprising and the most foolish, and must have gradually deteriorated the mental power of the race.

In the gravel-pits of Mbabane large quantities of

stone axes, arrow heads, and scrapers are found, but these are probably not more than six hundred years old. Bushmen paintings are common in the caves and rocks on the eastern border of the country, but these, again, do not date back for more than a hundred years. The remains of stone cattle kraals and of rough stone fortifications and villages are fairly frequent on the mountains, but the Bapedi builders were exterminated by the Swazis almost within living memory, and a kloof in the Hora district of Swaziland is still white with the bones of the men, women, and children of this unfortunate tribe.

There is, of course, no written history of any kind and it is no easy matter to collate, or even collect, the traditions of the Swazi tribe. About the year 1750, a few clans of Bantu people seem to have been living scattered about on the mountain ranges of the southern part of the country, and these were being constantly added to by refugees from the cruelties and massacres of chiefs in Zululand and on the northern side of the Lebombo mountains. In the caves in which the country abounds these people were able to hide themselves and their cattle from the raiders of warlike and bloodthirsty tribes around. The Bapedi lived in scattered villages in and around what are now known as the Mbabane and the Hora districts, and a few bushmen still lived in the kloofs in the mountains, hunting the wild game with which the land teemed. The Swazis still say : " When you meet a little Bushman, and he asks you how far off it was that you first caught sight of him, it is well to say, ' I saw you a long way off.' Then the Bushman

will be pleased and do you no harm. But should you say, 'I have but just caught sight of you!' he will be angry and shoot a poisoned arrow at you, thinking that you are mocking at his small stature and insignificant size, and pretending that his presence made no difference to the landscape."

About 1800, the chief of a small clan, named Ndugunya, began to conquer and attach to himself the clans in his immediate neighbourhood, and was able to leave to his son, Lopuza, the foundation on which the Swazi nation was built. Lopuza had the lust of conquest strongly developed, and rapidly extended his sway until all southern Swaziland owned him as king. But Tshaka, the Terrible, was now ruling in Zululand, and had begun his wars of extermination against the neighbouring tribes. An expedition was sent from Zululand against Lopuza, who was worsted in battle, and as he retired to the central part of the country, where the royal kraal of Zambodi now stands, he wiped out those who opposed his progress. Here he established himself in a fertile valley, with a mountain range full of large caves at his back, into which he could retire in case of danger. His son Mswazi, who has given his name to the tribe, was a ruthless tyrant of the tribe of Tshaka, but on a smaller scale. Under his father, Lopuza, the tribe had increased very much in numbers and in cohesion, and it is probable that Mswazi had a fighting force of at least 10,000 men at his disposal. He organised raids in all directions, devastated the Kaap Valley near Barberton, on the one side, and laid siege to the Portuguese fort at Delagoa Bay on the other.

Sending out his impis over the high table-land on his western border, he reached Carolina and even Machadodorp, and destroyed the entire native population. When, in 1870, Scots and Dutch farmers began to settle and take up land on this side of Swaziland, which is now known as the Lake Chrissie district, they found the whole country teeming with eland, wildebeest, buffalo, and antelope of every kind. Elephants, lions, and even giraffes were occasionally seen, but except for a few little Bushmen in the kloofs of the mountains, not a sign of a kraal or human settlement was visible. This was the result of Mswazi's efforts. A very old woman, who was one of Mswazi's younger wives, is still alive in Swaziland. She is shrivelled-up and inexpressibly dirty, and resembles an animated bundle of goat-skins and rags, as she hobbles along with the aid of a stick. A little white wool still crowns the top of her head, and her face is one mass of dirt-begrimed wrinkles. Her eyes, though rheumy and bleared by age, can still light up with energy and intelligence as, sitting on a stone near the kraal which she rules, she tells with dramatic power the story of the fights and raids and massacres of other days. And as she sinks exhausted at the end of her narrative, she exclaims, " Au, Nkosi 'mpela " (He was a king, indeed !)

It was during his reign that Dingaan, after his defeat by the Boers, fled into Swaziland and was murdered. The Zulus say that he escaped with but one impi of warriors, but with all his wives and half his cattle, and established himself in a kraal on the Lebombo mountain. After a few days he sent

back his warriors to try to collect and bring the remainder of his vast herd of cattle. Spies told the Swazi king that his men were gone, and a royal impi was sent to blot him out. But when the wives of the fallen despot heard the noise of their coming, they ran to meet them, and cried out words of mockery : " Come up to us and we will eat you up. All our men are hidden in the kraal waiting for you. Come up and they will show you a thing." The Swazis believed these words, and did not come that day. Twice was this repeated, and for the second time the Swazis went back again. But on the third day, screwing up their courage, they rushed the kraal, and having slaughtered Dingaan, who was very old and fat, they took away his wives.

The true story, as related by a living eye-witness to Mr. Honey, the Resident Commissioner of Swaziland, who is preparing for publication a full and accurate history of the tribe, is, however, this : " Dingaan escaped to Swaziland with a few faithful followers, and having sent his men back—they were but a handful at best—to collect some cattle, he entered a kraal of three poor Swazi huts, in order to rest. The owner of the kraal, a poor man of no standing in the Swazi tribe, went to fetch him some water, and, returning a few minutes later, found that Dingaan had been stabbed in the back and side by an unknown hand—perhaps by some straggler of his own following. He left the dying man, and went off to tell the men of the royal kraal of Swaziland."

Upon the death of Mswazi, his son Ludonga became king, but he was poisoned after a reign of six

years. Then followed a terrible period of civil war, and for some months the country was drenched in blood. However, some older chiefs, with the help of a Boer commando, eventually managed to establish one of Mswazi's younger sons upon the throne. This king, Mbandine, proved to be a peaceable and wise ruler, and preferred to arrange matters by tact and common sense rather than by violence. He kept a few of the younger men under arms, and indulged in a few raids against weaker tribes, and killed those whom he feared, or who were suspected of witchcraft, but there was none of the wholesale slaughter of entire populations practised by his predecessors. Although the Bantu people are not as a whole a slave-owning race, yet here and there in their kraals is to be found an occasional slave taken from neighbouring tribes in Mbandine's time.

Such an one lives near Empolonjeni. As he was old and unmarried, he was employed to look after the cattle, and in various menial occupations, but when he became useless through increasing infirmity, he was driven from the kraal, and sat down on the rocks in the rain to await death. The boys at St. Mark's Coloured School at Empolonjeni were much distressed, and wished him to be brought to the school. However, a native Christian woman, who was connected with the owners of the kraal, made it her business to see that he was taken back and cared for. She was genuinely shocked at the callousness of the poor man's owners.

It was during the time of Mbandine that what may be called the European invasion of the country

began. Boer farmers in the Transvaal and in Natal, who were pushing up nearer and nearer to its borders, heard from elephant-hunters that the grass in Swaziland was green during the dry winter months, when there was no pasturage on their own farms, and they came to the king to ask for permission to graze their cattle and sheep in his fertile valleys. As these hunters brought guns, horses, and greyhounds, which are much valued for hunting, and as they made themselves as agreeable as possible, their requests were granted readily enough; and every winter many farmers and flocks and herds trekked down into Swaziland, returning to their own homes as soon as the rain and heat began. Mbandine valued the friendship of these men, and punished with death anyone who stole their goods, or interfered with them in any way. The Swazis also sold them native children whom they had captured in their raids against neighbouring tribes, and who became serfs or slave-servants to the farmers.

On the highlands on the border of Swaziland, towards Piet Retief, some Boer farmers wished to buy farms and make a permanent settlement. Mbandine, who always liked and respected white men, made them a considerable grant of land, and encouraged the scheme. The dread of his life was lest the Zulus should invade his country, and he knew well enough that a "white belt of farmers" along his most exposed border would give him protection against his savage foes. For a time, these Boers took their land and other disputes to Mbandine to settle, and recognised him as their chief, but

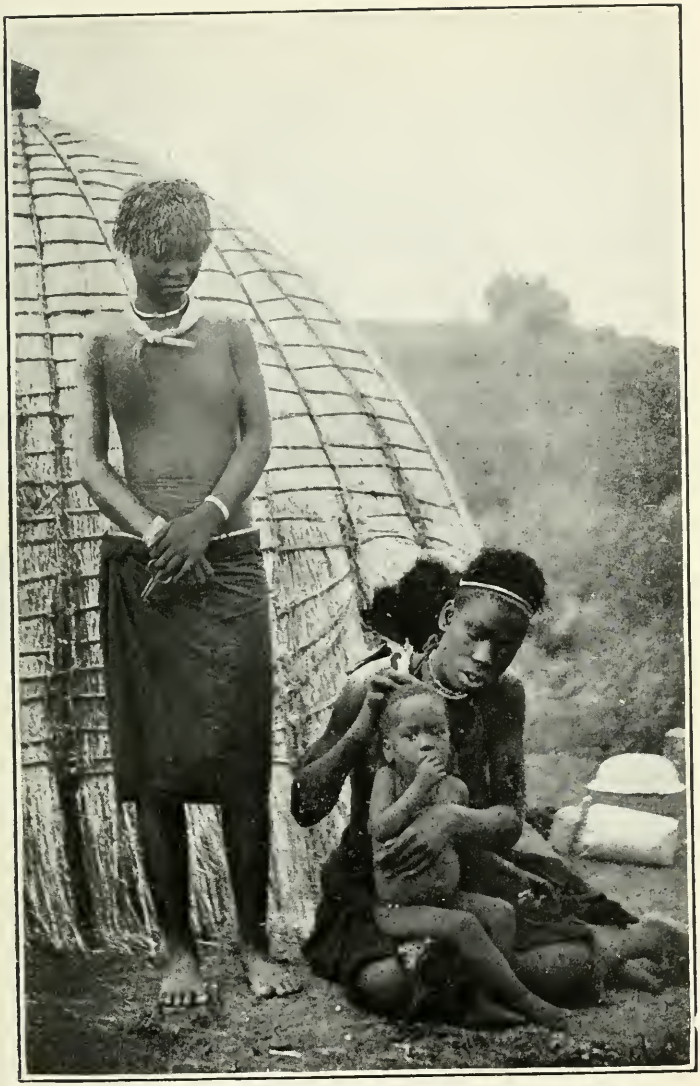
Mbandine himself pointed out that it was not reasonable for a native chief to settle European matters, and suggested they should elect one of themselves as president, and make their little settlement self-contained. This was done, and what was called "The Little Free State," or a tiny Boer republic, was formed in the Piet Retief district.

About the same time, an enterprising Scotsman named Macorkindale went to President Kruger, of the Transvaal, and asked for a large grant of land. His plan was to form a powerful company in Glasgow, import Scotch settlers of the crofter type, and form a "New Scotland settlement," where farming and other industries should be started on a large scale. Kruger, however, was wary of introducing the thrifty Scot amongst his leisurely Boers, and, after some consideration, decided to establish them on the Transvaal border of Swaziland. By this he achieved a double object. The land would cost him nothing, as he would take it from the Swazis, and the Scotch farmers would form a useful buffer and take off the edge of any trouble or raids from the Swazis, of whom the Boers have always been a little afraid. Macorkindale bought this land, and Kruger came down personally with a commando to establish his right to it. Mbandine made no objection, partly, no doubt, because this large tract of land, having been laid waste by Mswazi, seemed to him to be but a barren country occupied solely by wild beasts and a few Bushmen ; partly because he foresaw that these farmers would need to buy pasture from him in the winter. Also, no doubt, because he had sense to

know the strength of the white men, and his policy towards them was one of friendship. Macorkindale saw at once the future possibilities of the vast tract of land which he had acquired. But he saw also that a railway must be built through Swaziland to Delagoa Bay if anything were to be done in the immediate future. He hastened to Scotland to secure the necessary settlers, and the money to carry out his large projects. In both of these objects he was successful, but unfortunately he died just as his plans for the railway were reaching completion, and part of the necessary material had arrived at Delagoa Bay. There was no one then to take the lead, and the whole scheme fell into confusion. A considerable number of settlers of a good type were already on the land, having trekked up in waggons from Natal, but there was no means of getting supplies except by waggon, and at vast expenditure of time and money. There was, moreover, no market for anything they produced, the land was treeless, cold and barren, and no native servants could be obtained, except a few stray refugees from Swaziland.

The idea of a railway, which had been the mainstay of their hopes, had ceased to exist. These pioneers were, however, hardy and determined men, and semi-starvation, isolation, and other difficulties failed to dismay them. Hence, after a long and uphill battle, they have turned what was a wilderness into a prosperous farming district, full of cattle, and with large plantations of good trees, and some of their children are to-day wealthy and prosperous men. It was from the "New Scotland," or western border of

Swaziland, that the main European invasion took place. The necessity of finding the nearest road to the sea caused the Scotch settlers to send out parties to explore, and finally to cut, a road through the heart of Swaziland and over the Lebombo mountains to Delagoa Bay. The road was much used both for bringing supplies to the New Scotland settlers and for purposes of trade with the Swazis. Gin always commanded a ready sale, and no small profit could be made by exchanging it, and blankets, beads, or iron tools with the Swazis for some of their herds of cattle. These cattle commanded a ready sale in the Transvaal and Natal, or even in Delagoa Bay, and trading stations and stores were rapidly opened along and around this road. Later on, the discovery of gold in the Barberton district, along the north-western border, brought an enormous rush of Europeans to this district. Again, Lorenço Marques was the nearest port, and a road was cut through Swaziland at an angle to the first one, and joining it before it crossed the Lebombo mountains. Along this road—which is the one described in *Jock of the Bushveld*—a constant stream of waggons containing machinery and supplies for the mining camp, creaked and bumped and struggled along. An undesirable class of Europeans soon began to arrive, though fortunately not in large numbers. Swaziland was still under a native ruler, and as European law did not exist between its borders, it became a Cave of Adullam for outlaws from Natal, and the civilised parts of the country. In Swaziland these could do much as they pleased, and they could trade upon the ignorance of the



A SWAZI HUT

OLD AND NEW COSTUMES IN SWAZILAND

native. Most of them were simply rogues whom dishonesty, drunkenness, idleness, or an incompetent disposition had driven from other places. The Swaziland of those days provided them with a veritable paradise. A few—fortunately a very few, for South East Africa has never been the home of violent crime—were of the criminal type, and these established themselves as freebooters, especially on the Lebombo border, and made a living by holding up and robbing natives as they returned from the mines with their wages, and by selling gin and looting cattle.

About the year 1885 began what might be called the "Concession boom" in Swaziland. The stock belonging to the European farmers on the borders were rapidly increasing, and each season Mbandine had to deal with more and more applications for winter grazing. Many of the applicants persuaded him to put his mark to papers, which ceded to them the ownership of great tracts of land. The news that gold was found in Barberton fired men's imaginations with the idea that Swaziland, just over the mountains, was a veritable Eldorado. The finding of a few small reefs and some alluvial tin sufficed to send adventurers into the country in swarms, and there was a constant stream of potential concessionaries going and returning from the royal kraal—some wealthy and carrying large bags of gold, some poor and out at heel, but all fired with the one idea that a fortune beyond the dreams of avarice awaited them in Swaziland. In the royal kraal sat Mbandine, who was a savage, even if a wise and well-disposed

one, surrounded by his foolish headmen and his wives. Daily a stream of Europeans sought his presence, all bearing presents, and all offering him money for things the value of which he did not understand. In those days he was in failing health, but the visitors could not be kept away. They bribed all and sundry about the kraal, the door-keeper, the snuff-bearer, even the man who pared the king's nails. Money was of no account in those days, and sovereigns were as plentiful as stones around the royal kraal. The tales of those wild days told by the old Swazilanders are at once astounding and true.

Mbandine stood the ordeal well. He drank the white man's spirits, and accepted all his flatteries and gifts, but did not really blind his eyes to what was going forward. He secured the services of a European as his secretary, thinking that if he paid him well he would be honest and guide him in his dealings in matters he did not understand, and would protect him from the machinations of the Europeans. He formed a sort of committee of Europeans, whom he knew and trusted, to deal with all disputes and matters affecting Europeans, as he himself knew that he could not decide what should be done in such matters. He knew that the white civilisation in Natal and the Transvaal was pressing upon his borders, and that neither he nor his people could resist its force. Personally, he was well disposed to the white people, and he gave strict orders that they and theirs were to be strictly respected within his territory—a line of conduct which has been pursued by

the Swazi native even to this day. He knew that he could not keep the European from his country, but he thought by diplomacy and gentle guile, and by setting one against the other, he could delay their advent.

In this view of the matter, he was right, for, owing to the confusion of the European interests, Swaziland remained a native State in substance if not in fact for thirty years after his death. Meanwhile, he and his little barbaric court " spoiled the Egyptians," or rather took from them all the money they were prepared to waste. Soon all the land was sold, but the adventurers wanted more, and were prepared to pay for it. Mbandine, the secretary, and the courtiers wanted money. He determined to sell it again in such a way that the buyers would not know. This was easily done in a country that had not been surveyed, and where the boundaries of concessions were only natural landmarks.

But the adventurers had other aims. They asked for a monopoly to import gin, to print, to sell farming tools, even to establish billiard-tables in the territory, concessions to trade without competition over certain areas, grazing concessions, the sale of timber and water-rights, permission to mine and ownership of the minerals beneath the soil upon land which in some cases had been sold three times over ! These requests brought gold to Mbandine and his followers, whilst, to use Lord Selborne's words, " they made the affairs of Swaziland a nightmare of confusion." But now other and more important considerations began to come to the fore. Relations between

England and the Transvaal were getting rather strained, and Swaziland became one of the pawns in the game. President Kruger formed the idea of building a railway through Swaziland and Tongaland to the coast, so as to secure a port of entry for the Transvaal free from British control. One of the concessionaires had purchased from Mbandine the right to tax his people on condition of payment of £1000 a month in gold to his private pocket. By the purchase of this concession and others of a somewhat similar kind, Kruger gained a strong footing in the country for the Dutch republic. England, having in the meantime established a protectorate over Tongaland, was contented to have countered his main plan—that of a railway to the coast under his own control.

Mbandine fenced cleverly with both countries, while loyal British and Dutch subjects tried to persuade him to put himself under their respective Governments. At last, seeing that a definite step must be taken, the Swazis decided to appeal to England, as the power they feared the least, and sent a deputation to Downing Street. They asked to be put under the protection of the British Empire on the same terms as Basutoland, and offered to submit to any conditions that might be imposed upon them. This request was refused, and in 1895 the Transvaal, with the consent of England, took over the country. In the meantime, Mbandine died, and his son, Mbunu, came to the throne.

After the Boer War England took over the country, and forming it into a Crown Colony, sent a Resident

Commissioner and staff to administer it These were the palmy days for the Swazis, who enjoyed sympathetic administration, justice for all, freedom from fear of enemies, low taxation, and no more interference with their customs than was necessary in the interests of humanity. But the concessionaires now came forward in shoals to demand their rights. As the whole country had been ceded, and a great deal of it several times over, as the monopolies made legitimate trade impossible, and as many of the documents were obscure or doubtful in meaning and in authenticity, the position was a difficult one. In granting land-concessions, Mbandine had always been under the impression that he granted the land only for the lifetime of the actual petitioner.

The idea of a " grant in perpetuity " was one quite beyond his comprehension. " He is an old man, and will soon be dead, then we shall get the land back," was a remark often on his lips. In every land-concession, except two which were granted to personal friends, whom by native custom he had made " blood-brothers," he had insisted that the clause, " saving the rights of my people," be put in. This meant that the Swazis were to be allowed to live, hunt, burn grass, and generally conduct themselves as they pleased on the ceded land. Such a condition made European farming quite impossible, and in fact meant, what Mbandine understood by granting a land concession, that the European could live and graze his cattle on the land undisturbed, but should not have the power to claim it for his own in the sense that he could control it or turn any one else

off. The Swazis themselves maintained that all the concessions were illegal, as the land belonged to the nation and not to the king, and that he could not sell it for his own private profit without their consent. Lord Milner and Lord Selborne afterwards wrestled with the problem of what was to be done. Finally, the matter passed into the hands of Mr. George Grey, a man of character and ability, who was appointed special Commissioner, with full powers to deal with the whole question. He was afterwards killed by a lion in West Africa. A few of the trading monopolies were recognised as valid and their owners bought out by the British Government, whilst the rest were rejected as being absurd. All documents were examined, and only those which were undoubtedly genuine were allowed to stand.

Where there were several claimants to one piece of land, the earliest concession was accepted as valid. Mineral rights were given precedence of all others, but, most important of all, the land concessionaires were induced to return one-third of their concessions —and that third good land—to the Government, on condition that their titles were turned into freehold titles for perpetuity, and that they were allowed full control of any natives living on their lands. The Swazis received one-third of their country back again, and that good land, and the concessionaires obtained good titles and full control over the area belonging to them. The settlement was undoubtedly a just one, and was carried out with great skill and ability. The one-third belonging to the Swazis was distributed in such a way as to

include the site of royal kraals, and any lands to which they attached any special importance.

In the near future, it is almost certain that Swaziland will be incorporated into the Union of South Africa, and a new chapter in its history will be opened, but it is to be hoped that this will not be done until the Union has decided upon some definite native policy. In South Africa at the present day the native question is the question that is exercising the minds of all. It is the labour question of older countries. Every day it becomes more puzzling, and the delay in dealing with it is becoming more dangerous. It is inevitable that native populations, such as those of Swaziland, should pass under European control. The natives of the country ask the question, " Why have the white people taken our land ? " One answer is that the Swazis themselves only obtained the country by invasion, and by the slaughter of the previous inhabitants.

For three hundred years they filled the land with slaughter and cruelties unspeakable. They destroyed the trees and planted none, and under their régime the land produced almost nothing, while many of the tribe ran away from their own people to be servants to the white people, in order to obtain protection and food. The land has, for the time being, been taken from a people who had abused it, and placed under the control of another people. Now there is peace, and men can sleep without fear at night ; there is justice for all ; vast herds of cattle fill the land ; and starvation is known no more. But God rules the white man as well as the black. Should the white

man use his power solely for his own selfish interest, and exploit the native for his own private advantage, as not infrequently he does, God will remove him from the seat of judgment and his place will know him no more.

CHAPTER III.

THE OLD QUEEN.

No history of Swaziland would be complete without an account of that really notable personage, the old queen. To-day she is the one outstanding figure among the native people. The Royal Kraal is large, and is unspeakably dirty and untidy. Idlers dressed in dirty European rags squat in the dirt and dust around the large cattle kraal that forms one side of it, children covered with dirt and sores swarm about the passages which unite the labyrinth of ill-built grass huts, women carrying huge pots of native beer or portions of food pass to and fro with real dignity of carriage, which is only marred by the filth on their skin aprons and utensils. Flies swarm and render life unbearable in the heat of the day; scraggy fowls and a few mangy dogs wander at will among the garbage—and yet some semblance of dignity and royalty is preserved. An interview with the old queen takes some time to arrange, and there is a hurrying to and fro of minor officials before the visitor is admitted to the royal presence.

The visitor will find her lying prone upon the

ground in the dark interior of the central hut, surrounded by a few aged native courtiers and her interpreter. Near the grass mat on which she lies is a pot of beer for her refreshment during the interview, and also an old whisky-bottle half full of snuff, for the same purpose. Her only garment is the well-greased skin-apron of the Swazi woman, and her grey wool, massed on the top of her head with clay, is bound by a fillet of small charms to keep off evil spirits. In one hand she holds a wisp of ox-tail to keep off flies, and in the other a wooden scraper, to scratch herself in moments of irritation. From the roof of the hut some meat is hanging, and a few odds and ends are stuck into the thatch; otherwise, the hut is destitute of furniture. Over the roof outside, a large pair of ox-horns has been fixed to frighten away the lightning.

A box having been brought in as a seat for the visitor, conversation begins, and he is soon attracted by the mental grip of the recumbent potentate, and by the way in which she maintains her dignity, in spite of the squalor of its setting. At the end of each sentence a muttered "Inkosi, Inkosi!" comes from the courtiers. Not only the natives of Swaziland, but Europeans also, are proud of the ability of the old queen. They tell of her skill in conducting discussions with Lord Milner and Lord Selborne, and with both English and Dutch agents during the Boer War, of her marvellous memory, her ability for unravelling most intricate native disputes, and of the shrewdness of her judgments. The natives also boast of her power of "making rain," in which

some of the more conservative among them still believe.

During the Great War the Mayor of Johannesburg visited Swaziland and called on the queen. In his big motor he passed through Mbabane without seeing it, and stopping at a store some six miles further down the road, inquired the whereabouts of the town. On arriving at the Royal Kraal, the old queen asked him " who he was and where he came from ? "

He answered he was Mayor of Johannesburg, and had lately been busy raising recruits for the war. " From Johannesburg ? " said the queen, " I do not hear much good of it, and if you want recruits for the war, being a big, fat man, why do you not go yourself ? " The Mayor changed the conversation. " This friend of mine is a surveyor, and brings the water in pipes to the town," he said. " When I want water, I make the rain myself," answered the queen.

Ten years ago a terrible drought visited Swaziland. Large native deputations visited the queen not only from Swaziland, but from distant parts of the country, to implore her to make rain. The old queen replied that she was tired and not inclined to make it. But if they gave her enough cattle and enough yellow money, she might be persuaded to do so. The cattle and money arrived in large quantities, but still no rain ! Larger and more desperate deputations went to her from week to week. " You are hard-hearted, oh Indhlovu-kazi (female elephant)—our cattle will soon be dead, there are no mealies. Make rain, you starve us all." But the old queen

remained in her hut, and would not even send for the necessary herbs to put in the rain-making decoction, neither would she consult the witch doctors in order to propitiate the contending evil spirits who were holding back the rain. The deputations, made bold by despair, changed their entreaties to threats. "You are old and useless, and cannot make the rain. We must see to it that you die, and your daughter-in-law, a more effective rain-maker, put in your place." The old queen knew, as she had known several times before in her history, that she must act. "You must bring me black cattle from a place six days' journey off," she said. When they arrived, she let two more days pass before she would go and see them. Thus she gained time, letting a precious fortnight pass away. "These cattle have white marks upon them, and I asked for black," she said. "Take them back again and bring me black." And in the double journey another twelve days passed. This time she knew the rain could not hold off much longer. "Take them back to where they came from, and as they reach their home I will make you rain," she said. And sure enough, in six days' time the rain began. But as often happens, the drought ended in a deluge. The rivers overflowed their banks, many mealie gardens were washed away, and great damage was done. The deputations came to the old queen once more: "Indhlovu-kazi, you are more cruel than ever. You starved us before, now you kill us!" "It is a punishment," she answered. "I did not want to make rain, and you forced me to do it. Now I shall not stop it, and it

will teach you not to trouble me again at inconvenient times."

In December, 1920, the British administration decided that she must retire in favour of her grandson, Burza, and native custom demanded that she should at the same time hand over the rain-making medicine to her daughter-in-law, Burza's mother.

For more than thirty years—a generation—this Indhlova-kazi, or female elephant, as she is called, has exercised great powers over the Swazi nation. She did not belong by birth to the family of any great chief, her father ruling over but a small following in the distant Hora district. Whether he displeased the king Mbandine on any matter, or whether the natives really believed the charge to be true, at any rate, he was smelt out as a wizard and his following dispersed. Mbandine took one of the daughters of this hunted man as a concubine and attendant on his wives. A burly, strapping young girl, with great energy, determination, and shrewd common sense, and with a face of remarkable power and intelligence, the future queen rose rapidly in the royal kraal. Soon Mbandine began to consult her on important matters, for it is strange the power that women have in a polygamous nation, and she rose by her own abilities to take the place of principal wife or queen, much to the rage of her older comrades. Now, amongst the Swazis the chief wife of the king, as a rule, makes the rain, the idea being that a woman would make it more gently than a man. When the rain-making wife of Mbandine died, Indhlova-kazi claimed that she alone knew the

secret, and could continue the work. This is the most important work the Swazi royal house performs, for they make the rain for the whole world, and receive presents from the natives on the Zambesi in times of drought. Having gained the appointment by claiming the credit of the rains—and Swaziland, you will remember, is the best watered country of South Africa—and also the credit of the droughts as a punishment for the people, she soon gained great power. She also laid claim to certain powers of witchcraft, and was as much feared by the people for her sorceries as respected for her undoubted abilities as a ruler of men.

On the death of Mbandine, Indhlova-kazi should have retired into private life—in fact, she should, properly speaking and according to old customs, have died—but European influence was beginning to be felt, and such ideas were losing ground. Her son Mbunu became the reigning chief, but Indhlova-kazi declined either to retire or to part with the rain-making medicine to his wife. After a prudent retirement to the hills, which fortunately for her coincided with a period of drought, she returned to the royal kraal accompanied by plentiful rains. Her power thus re-established never left her hands.

Mbunu, a cruel and brutal sot, did not live long, and during his time his mother was the power behind the throne. Upon his death—in which most Swazis consider his mother's power of witchcraft or of poison had a hand—Indhlova-kazi reigned alone during the long minority of his son.

During this period the British Government took

THE OLD QUEEN OF SWAZILAND'S FAREWELL

BUILDING A ROYAL HUT

over the administration of the country at the close of the Boer War, and the Swazi kings and queens became paramount chiefs, their powers of life and death being ended, and the country passing under European law.

In what way then has she used her powers, and has her influence been for good or evil? No man, still less a European, can judge. For the Swazis, the recent years have been a period of mental and physical unrest. The invasion of the white man (which began with a crowd of adventurers all clamouring for grants of land and for trading and mining rights under Mbandine) has ended with the good rule and British justice of a Crown Colony.

And through it all the old queen has kept the peace. It is her boast that throughout her husband's and her own reign no white people have been murdered, that throughout the Boer War she proved herself friendly to the British cause, and that at the present time the nation is undoubtedly very loyal to the Crown. During these years of change her keen common sense has undoubtedly saved the nation much suffering. Mbandine recognised, as we have seen, that the coming of the white man was inevitable, and that it were madness to attempt to withstand it, but that much might be gained by delay and by setting the interest of one white man against another, where this was possible, and by skilful handling of concessions, inducing them to quarrel. Indhlova-kazi went much further. In a dim way she knew that the rule of the white man was good as well as inevitable, and she even sent a

deputation to England to ask that Swaziland might be taken over by the British Government as a protectorate some years before the Boer War. But at the same time, all her power depended on the belief in rain-making and witchcraft, and she knew that education and progress amongst the natives would destroy these things. In habit of life she was a hopeless reactionary, and under her rule the royal kraal was a centre for the old forces of evil and corruption. Like all native chiefs, she would sell her people's grazing rights to farmers, and regard their complaint of starvation with indifference so long as money came her way. Her judgment in native cases was shrewd, but the decision would often go to the highest bidder. Natives grew to prefer the white men's court, where real justice was to be found, and her powers grew less and less. She and her agents fleeced her own people in every possible way, and much of the money was squandered amongst semi-educated and evil native advisers, men who had perhaps been Christians, but now disregarded the restraints of Christianity and lived in open and scandalous sin ; men whom even the heathen abhorred for their licentious lives. The royal kraal, instead of being a centre for the enlightenment and progress of the people, was the meeting-place of the idle and vicious, a stronghold of Satan ; a place where girls were ruined and heathenism showed at its worst, or rather in its true light, a place where the forces of Christianity seemed to attack in vain.

What was the Indhlova-kazi's attitude towards

Christianity? We must remember that her own power depended on heathen ideas, and every step taken towards the light was another nail in the coffin of her authority. Moreover, the fact that eleven different European sects, besides three native churches independent of European control, competed for her favour, had a bad effect. Native ministers dismissed from European churches for misconduct flocked to her hoping for financial support, offering her doctrines which eliminated "European additions to the faith once delivered, such as the marrying of one wife and expulsion from the church for misconduct!" and asking her to decide whom they should baptise, and to arrange the affairs of their church. "These native Christians trouble me," she would say.

But she was shrewd enough, and amidst all the babel of tongues had probably a fair idea of what Christianity really meant. She would say that she had poisoned her people when she refused to allow her son Mbunu to be taught by Mr. Jackson at the Usutu Mission station. She usually asked missionaries to pray with her, and would join in in her own fashion. She had great respect for Oswald Nxumalo, and so great a fear of the strong stand against evil taken by Xaba at the Government school at the royal kraal that she ordered the children out on strike! In January, 1922, the Government decided that she must retire in favour of her grandson, now grown to be a man.

What will the new king Burza do, and what will his influence on the nation be? The despotic power

of African chiefs is gone. Will he fall into sensual sloth, or will he lead the people on towards the light ? He has received some little education at the royal kraal, and passed a few months at Lovedale, the London Missionary Society's Industrial School, from which he was removed at his and the old queen's request. The signs are not bright. He will be no Khama to his people. In any case, his power is small, and decreases every year as the native comes more into contact with civilisation.

CHAPTER IV.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE SWAZIS.

The Swazis are a pleasant, hospitable, and well-mannered race, but their ways of thinking must be properly understood. A European traveller arrives in Swaziland, heated and tired by a long journey; he naturally hopes for speedy refreshment, but he finds that his hosts think slowly, and that time is of no importance to them.

Should a Swazi be on a journey and arrive at a kraal, he will expect and receive beer and other refreshments, as a right and without paying for them, but he will not expect them at once. Having placed his assegais, battle-axe, and sticks on the ground, to show that he has come in a friendly mood, he seats himself outside the kraal and observes the scenery for some time in abstracted silence. Children come and peep at him, but otherwise no notice is taken of his presence.

A woman will then appear, and after gazing at him for some time in silence, will remark, "Sa bona" ("I have seen you"). "Yes," says the other, "I have seen you."

The introduction being now complete, the stranger will be questioned as to whence he has come and

where he is going—questions which he will answer quite politely. When half an hour has elapsed since his first arrival, it is time for the headman of the kraal to make his appearance. Clad in a blanket, he will stalk out from among the huts and take a prolonged look at the visitor, and will finally announce that he "has seen him." After a further catechism by his host, the visitor will allude to the question of refreshment. But this must be done in a roundabout way, as any direct approach is considered vulgar. "How does the corn grow in your parts?" he says. "Ah!" replies his host, "I hear that the corn grows well some miles away, but here we have a great famine. We are much troubled by lack of food." This is to suggest to the stranger that it would not be wise to bring his friends to "eat up" the kraals round about. "It is a poor country and not much food is to be got." "I am sorry to hear this," replies the visitor, "but where are the good crops you speak of to be found?" "They are far away," replies his host, unwilling to do his neighbours a bad turn, "far away, but it is what I hear." "The famine being so bad here you will have no beer," says the guest, looking out of the corner of his eye at the smoke of the wood-fire inside the kraal, and seeing the woman carrying the beer pots to and fro. "No, there is no beer; it is a great trouble to us all," replies his friend. The visitor does not tell him that it is a lie, but he lapses into a somewhat moody silence, knowing that the next move lies with his host. "By the bye," says the latter, after a due interval to enable the women to complete their pre-

A SWAZI KRAAL WITH A STORE OF MEALIES

NATIVES OF SWAZILAND OUTSIDE THEIR HOME

parations, "a little beer and a little porridge are being brought to you." Tasting it, in order to show that it has not been poisoned, he hands the pot to his guest. The visitor must eat all that is set before him if he would not seem to despise the hospitality of his host. Having shown by the most obvious and primitive of natural signs that he is replete, the visitor now enters and inspects the kraal. Finding one of the women at work on a new hut, he will insert one of the sticks for her. This is to show that he is a helpful person and desirous of promoting goodwill. But he will be careful not to touch any of the children or even look closely at the cattle. To do so might make his hosts suspicious, and if any accident afterwards occurred it would be attributed to his powers of the "evil eye."

Students consider that just as the Swazi language shows unmistakable signs of having been handed down by a people who possessed a higher mental development, so the customs of the Swazi people are remnants of a much higher and more advanced state of civilisation. If Swazi civilisation has degenerated, this is perhaps due to the hard natural conditions of the country, for a high standard of life can exist only on a fertile soil. No doubt the intense belief in witchcraft which enters into every detail of the daily life of the people has done much to degrade them. Anything strange or unknown is at once attributed to magic, and it is considered both dangerous and wicked to investigate it. Amongst the Swazis no one dies a natural death; the dead man is said to have been bewitched by his enemies. When illness

comes, no cause for the disease, or remedy, is sought for, but a witch-doctor is called in, and should he be successful in smelling out the sorcerer who is causing the trouble, or should he be possessed of medicines strong enough to bewitch the sorcerer himself, the patient will recover.

The witch-doctor is a much respected and beloved person. He undergoes a long training, in the course of which he sits alone at night to commune with the spirits. He makes a journey to the sea to struggle with the monsters therein, and finally, after a long time of probation, is "passed" as a member of their cult by the college of witch-doctors. He cannot himself do any harm, but he can protect and advise people from all the ills of life. Should a thunder-storm appear, the witch-doctor will mount on some stone near the kraal and threaten it with his assegais and shield. Should his words be big enough the storm will be frightened and go off! It will be said, "He has saved the people again!"

The power of smelling out a sorcerer is an easy one, and only requires some knowledge of human nature. Suppose someone at a kraal is ill. The people begin to discuss the matter, and soon find that other unfortunate things have happened. One of the cattle has broken its leg, the fowls have crowed in the middle of the night, and a garden of mealies has been blighted! It is obvious that someone has a hatred against the kraal and is using sorcery.

After long discussion it is finally agreed that the owner of a little kraal on the river bank three miles away must be responsible. Many little circumstances

now recalled lead to this opinion and confirm it. At this point the witch-doctor is called in to smell out the evil-doer. After some mysterious preparations he seats himself on the ground in the centre of an admiring crowd of people and proceeds to throw the bones. He then hazards various guesses as to why he has been sent for, and at each guess, be it good or bad, the people answer, " Ngiya-vuma " (" I agree ") in chorus. The system reminds us of the expression used in several English games, " Hot or cold." By listening carefully to the answers made by the chorus, the witch-doctor soon knows if he is on the right track. After several random shots as to the place where the sorcerer resides, which are answered but coldly by the chorus, he works his way towards the kraal where the people have decided that the sorcerer lives. As each guess draws nearer the place, the chorus grows louder and more excited, and when finally he names the man, the people go mad with delight. " Ah, he has smelt him out ! He has smelt him out, the sorcerer ! " and all loudly praise his occult powers. But now the evil-doer is located, the witch-doctor must give the people protection from him. This he does by supplying them with poison—and undoubtedly many and potent poisons are known to these men—or by giving them medicines of so strong a kind that, placed near the evil-doer's kraal or in his path, they will not only overcome his sorceries, but even counter-bewitch him and his kraal. In extreme cases the witch-doctor will recommend the murder of the guilty man, and will devise the means for carrying out the sentence.

After the murder, his services will again be required that he may offer atonement to the spirits for the blood shed. This is done by sacrificing suitable animals with mysterious rites.

A recent native trial in the Swaziland High Court is interesting as affording illustration of the influence over the Swazi mind of this belief in witchcraft. In 1916, one of the European police of Swaziland volunteered for the Great War, but before leaving the country he went a fifty-mile ride through the bushveld from Stegi to Nomahasha to sell some of his cattle. He rode a mule and went alone. It was the wet season, and in the course of his journey, he had to swim across a flooded river, but as he was an expert swimmer, no anxiety was felt. In four days' time the mule returned riderless to Stegi. Its master's clothes were found strapped on its back, and for some time it was supposed that he had been drowned while swimming across the river. The mule had struggled out and returned home. The man was known to have reached his destination in safety, and to have set out on the return journey with a considerable sum of money in gold. Some months afterwards a native policeman overheard two natives quarrelling at a beer-drink. " If you trouble me," said one, " I shall tell of the white man you murdered at the river." The policeman found that the people at a kraal near the river had been spending much gold in the purchase of cattle, and that they had been to a local witch-doctor to be purified after the spilling of human blood. A white cock had been killed as part of the rites. The witch-doctor was

arrested, but would only say, " Yes, two men had come to him, saying they wished to be purified after the murder of a white man. He had done what was necessary and had been paid, but knew nothing more." Working from this clue, the police were able to arrest the murderers and learn the story of the crime.

Some Swazi chiefs were once asked why they objected to the European rule of the country. " Could they not now sleep safely in their beds at night, and were not the taxes much less than in the old days of folly and violence ? "

Was it not true that half of those present would in the old days have been smelled out and murdered ? " Yes," they said, " but you white people will not allow us to kill the sorcerers ; that is why the country is eaten up by pest and plagues. We are not wizards, and should not have been killed."

It is this fear of witchcraft from their neighbours that causes the Swazis to place their kraals so far distant from one another, and makes them object to crowding together in the native area.

There are many traces of Semitic customs amongst the Swazis and Zulus. In 1912 a Zulu woman was murdered, and her body divided into parts and buried in the mealie-garden to make the crops grow. This and similar incidents are no doubt remnants of human sacrifice. Levirite marriage is practised amongst the Swazis, and the incident described in Genesis xxxviii., as well as the mental attitude of the actors in the scene, have been reproduced in Swaziland exactly in recent years. Circumcision is also practised, though not universally.

A belief in God, the great great One, has come down to them, and a vague code of laws which has His authority. Certain crimes are not permitted by the great One. Those of the same name are not allowed to marry, and women are only allowed to bear children at intervals of three years. This, no doubt, accounts for the wonderful health and stamina of the race, and is a custom which, perhaps, could only be carried out in a polygamous nation.

Ancestors are supposed to inhabit snakes, and no Swazi will kill a snake near his own kraal. They say, "It is his own father come back again;" but if one is met at a distance it must be killed, or it will bring bad luck. It is no relation.

The spirits of the dead are supposed to haunt the relations, and are much feared. The corpse is buried in a sitting posture, and the grave sealed with heavy stones to keep the spirit imprisoned. Often a kraal will be moved after a death in order to prevent the spirit haunting its inhabitants. These spirits are to be found moving in the long grass at night, and when going on a journey it is best to sing, in order to frighten them away. Witchcraft and rain-making, however, form the basis of Swazi religious ideas, and there is little folk-lore.

Immorality of a most gross kind is almost universal amongst the girls and boys, and is laughed at and encouraged by their elders. This is the reason why they lack intelligence and energy after the age of puberty. Amongst the older people immorality is prevalent at beer-drinks, but not at other times.

The Swazis bear no malice, and seem incapable of

sustained anger. They are a happy, good-natured people, living only for the present, and with no care for the future. Their lack of providence enables the trader to make his profit. At the end of the year they will buy back from him the mealies that they have sold before at half the price. The same lack of providence has lost them their land, and renders them quite unable to fill any responsible position. They have great family affection, and are kind nurses to the sick, as many white men have reason to know. The fear of witchcraft, however, makes them at times commit the most appalling crimes.

"Here are those jolly old Kaffirs again," said a South African volunteer, as he met them in the Labour Contingent in France. And those "jolly old Kaffirs" did an amount of work, and showed a courage and endurance that put many to shame.

"We are a fatherless people, and have no one to guide us," said an old man. It is this sense of having no guide or leader in these difficult days that makes them ready to listen to the Good News of Jesus Christ.

CHAPTER V.

THE EUROPEAN.

Visitors to Swaziland are usually struck by two things—the generous hospitality of the Europeans of the country, and the high level of education and general intelligence which they display. There are several explanatory reasons. In the first place, Swaziland lies so far from the beaten track of civilisation, and is so difficult to reach, that only those with enterprise and persistent courage are likely to settle there. Although, owing to the abundance of native labour, life is easy, the natural difficulties are so great, and the fight with the forces of nature so keen, that a gradual process of weeding-out is inevitable, and the idle and dissolute get gradually pushed aside and return to more civilised places. The distances between the houses and settlements are so great (often thirty to forty miles apart) that for mutual convenience residents must offer hospitality to the passing traveller, and the traditions of the country teach that that hospitality should be of the best. In old days visitors were very few, and to a man who had not seen another white face for weeks, or even months, the excitement and pleasure of a

guest's arrival were great. The host entertained liberally, and the guest was expected to talk, to provide his host with news and amusement until the small hours of the morning. Social distinctions amongst Europeans do not exist, but the colour line takes their place, and comradeship and good-fellowship are universal.

In the older days, money was plentiful. Owing to the fact that gin could be sold to the native, trading was easy and profitable. Money was pouring into the country from the British and Boer Governments, and the concessionaires were spending very large sums. Mbandine thought nothing of giving a handful of gold to anyone who took his fancy. A sovereign or two was thought little of amongst the old Swazilanders of thirty years ago. And something of the old tradition still remains. Amongst these folks lack of hospitality or of generosity was the only unforgivable crime. Loyalty to other white men was a virtue. To-day the band of old Swazilanders is small, for, one after another, the pioneers have been buried on the veld near their trading-stations and farms, but those who survive will never let a man down who has been admitted into their fellowship. " He is an old Swazilander, and we must see what can be done to help him," is their motto. " Well, there was no law in the old days. We could do what we liked, and we got on very well notwithstanding. We were not too good, I daresay, but we were very happy, and lived men's lives out on the veld. The Swazis, too, had not been spoiled by Johannesburg and by contact with the lower side of

civilisation, and were better men," said one of their number.

The fact that all the rough labour of the country is done by natives means that the European has plenty of time to read and think. The lonely Government official or policeman at some isolated post, or the trader at his native store, has many hours when time would lie heavily on his hands if he did not read. The enormous mass of printed matter brought into the country each mail-day proves the existence of a reading public. A traveller sleeping the night at some isolated store is surprised to find that its owner (although perhaps he has not been to Europe for twenty years), knows the prices on the London Stock Exchange, the latest phase of politics in Central Europe, and will ask the price of some new book that has lately made a stir at home. He has profited by his reading, while the long hours which he is obliged to spend in the saddle have given him time and opportunity for thinking. Another reason for the high level of general intelligence is that in a pioneer country people mix very freely, and no man is too reserved to talk unreservedly to his neighbours. A mining engineer comes from Johannesburg on a prospecting trip. His mind is full of the latest mechanical achievement, and he has a good knowledge of geology. Perhaps he will travel round with the proprietor of a large ranch in Rhodesia who has come to see the possibilities of the low veld for cattle. Both these men have travelled extensively, the former, say, in China, Asia Minor, and Peru, for mining men travel far afield ; the latter in

Australia and New Zealand, in order to study the cattle question in those countries. With them comes a financier from Johannesburg, who is interested in one of the concessions of the country. These men will provide their host with a fund of varied information. This is no imaginary incident, for something of the kind happens constantly.

Thus the European of Swaziland is, as a rule, in spite of his isolated life, well-informed and well-educated. There are, of course, exceptions. When war broke out in Europe the writer was journeying in the bushveld. He arrived at a little trading-station on the banks of a river, which was conducted by a man who in his youth had been highly educated, but who had drifted to Swaziland in the early days. He was asked if he had heard any news of the war, for news travels fast even in the Swaziland bushveld. "No," he replied, "I have been so busy putting these tins of bully-beef on my shelves that I have had no time to think about it." Yet this man, who probably would not know the day of the week, was a partner of McNab, the well-known Swaziland outlaw, and has a marvellous stock of knowledge concerning the early days. Here let us do somewhat belated justice to McNab, who cut the road to Delagoa Bay, and was a bosom friend of Mbandine. Though he traded in gin, and perpetrated many violent deeds, he had, in his own way, a great sense of justice. Some of his most violent acts were done when he took the law into his own hands, and became both judge and executioner. His slave-trading was of the mildest form. In time of dearth, he bought

children from their parents in Gazaland, and sold them to other Europeans needing servants. The servants were happy enough, as there was nothing to prevent them running away and going home, if they wished to do so.

" You know I am a little mad," said one of these isolated settlers to his visitor, as he rode up at evening time. " What way does it take you ? " inquired the visitor somewhat anxiously. " Well, I am not dangerous," replied the man. " Only a little balmy, for I have lived by myself in the bushveld for twenty years. As a matter of fact, we are all balmy down here ! " And yet really no man was more sane. He liked to live his own life in his own way in absolute independence. He had tried to live again in England, but found that England did not suit him. Here, in company with his dogs, his guns, his fishing-rod and his *Field* newspaper, he lived exactly as he pleased, happy in himself and kindly disposed to others. Surely that is a sane life.

In Swaziland one does not hear the usual senseless talk on the " Native Question " which is so prevalent in large towns, and so annoying to those who know the facts, and such a handicap to those who are honestly trying to deal with it.

The Johannesburg *Star*, one of the leading newspapers of the country, in a leading article on 17th November, 1921, contained these striking words : " Professor Hofmeyer is stating what every thinking man knows to be true, when he says that selfishness is at the root of the white man's attitude to the black."

Sometimes it is unconscious; at other times, deliberate, as when Mr. Hendriks said that "the interests of the natives must only be considered so long as they did not conflict with the interests of the white man." When to this attitude is added complete ignorance, and even refusal to listen, or inability to understand the real facts of the case, the position seems hopeless. But in Swaziland the position is different. Men are familiar with natives under natural conditions, and know their good and their bad points. They recognise that in the law-abiding, peaceful, and reasonable native population lies the real asset of the country. Wealth and prosperity are to be found in the character of the native population, and not in the mines. The native is now waking out of his age-long sleep, and has still some confidence in the wisdom and justice of the European. The opportunity is ripe, but it may not be of long duration, for, unfortunately, the native is fast losing this confidence, and is beginning to feel his own power. If he is treated justly now, and helped forward in his just aspirations, peace and prosperity lie ahead. But if he is repressed and made distrustful, disloyal, and discontented, a bloody revolution is inevitable, for he has no knowledge of peaceful agitation under political discontent which marks the character of the British. No native can be judged fairly by his behaviour under the absolutely unnatural conditions of a Johannesburg mining compound, or the equally unnatural position of a house-boy in domestic service in some large town. Nor is it perhaps just to judge him as a squatter on some white man's farm in the

Transvaal or Free State, where he is heavily taxed, worried by the pass-law and other irksome restrictions on his freedom, while at the same time he knows that in the courts he has little real chance against his white employer, and matters would only be made worse if he appealed to the law of the land. Can we even wonder if he becomes sullen and inefficient, if he is little more than a landless serf, compelled to labour to make another's fortune? The labour question at home became acute when men were sufficiently educated to see that they had been exploited in days gone by. The native feels that he is being exploited now, and his innate sense of justice is outraged. He is beginning to lose his tribal jealousies and to feel his nationality and power.

But in Swaziland, under the direct government of the Crown, native interests are considered equally with those of the white men. The administration is just and sympathetic to all legitimate native aspirations. Consequently the native is happy and contented. As one of the leading Government officials remarked, "Now you can guide the native with a thread; what may happen in twenty years' time, I cannot say." The native agitators are bred over the border, and do not find much sympathy for their anti-European propaganda in Swaziland. The attitude of the ordinary European towards the native is good. "I like the Swazis, they make wonderfully good servants," is an expression commonly heard.

It must be remembered that the native, though very good in an emergency, and in sickness, does not

A HUNTER'S DAY IN SWAZILAND

A PARADE OF EUROPEANS ABOUT TO START FOR GERMAN S.W. AFRICA

like the monotony of daily work. For generations the men were warriors and hunters, and labourers on the soil. On a journey there are no more excellent servants. Their wants are few, and their indifference to personal hardships is great. But absence of any sense of the value of time or of punctuality, and their carelessness and forgetfulness in daily duties, drive the European at times almost to frenzy. And yet, when the temporary vexation is past, the European rarely fails to see their good points—their absence of malice, their obedience, and, on the whole, their honesty. Although in native stores, unless carefully watched, small articles will be stolen, nothing is locked up in Swaziland. Native labour is very cheap ; one cannot reasonably expect it to be as efficient as that of the white man.

Amongst the good points of the Swazilander, perhaps his patriotism is the best. Almost all the Europeans in the country have worn the King's uniform in some capacity, or been employed in the Civil Service. When the Great War broke out, Swaziland sent, and sent at once, all her available young men to the various fronts, and the number of men bearing arms was greater in proportion to the population than in any other part of the Empire. Most of them became officers, for they were men of ability and initiative. Twenty-two gave their lives, and the number of decorations they earned for deeds of striking courage was very great. Major A. M. Miller, M.C., D.S.O., born in Swaziland, was one of the earliest officers to win distinction in the Flying Corps, and through his efforts and example a large

number of young Swazilanders followed suit. They were entrusted with large and powerful machines, one being presented by the natives of the country, and their record can only be described as remarkable.

A single incident will show the feelings of the place. One of the little outside stores was kept by a man well into middle life, who had fought with distinction in the Boer and several native wars. Powerful, active, hardy, and a deadly shot, coming of a military stock, nature had marked him out as a soldier. After serving with distinction as a scout in German South-West Africa, he joined the army in Flanders. With him served another Swazilander of a very different type. He also was in middle life, a storekeeper, and unmarried. Small of stature, and quite unused to bearing arms, or to a rough life, he was thought to be unfitted for the work. A position in the rear was found for him where his business ability and honesty would be of use. He felt, however, a call to offer all that he had, and realised that by serving in the fighting line he might save the life of some younger man. He could, as he explained, "stop a bullet as well as most." He insisted, and was sent up to the front. The British advanced, but were pressed back after a bad day, and when he returned to the trench worn out with fighting and weary almost to death, he found that his friend had not come back. He had been left somewhere, living, perhaps, on No Man's Land. He crawled out in the gathering dusk to bring him back, and whilst searching for his friend (whom we now know was killed

early in the advance) he was shot dead. A very gallant gentleman.

This man, though a Jew by race and religion, left a letter giving a gift of £100 to the work of the Church in Swaziland and to St. Mark's European School.

CHAPTER VI.

THE RELIGION OF THE EUROPEAN.

In a country like Swaziland, where a small European population is scattered over an immense area, where opportunities for public worship are few, and where they are surrounded by a native population which, for the most part, is still living in all the grossness of heathenism, it could not be expected that the attitude of Europeans towards religion should be the same as in England. In the first place, there are no Church traditions—or only vague traditions that have come down from the past—Sunday has been a day of rest from the ordinary round of life, but has been used for journeys, for shooting, and for outdoor games. The heat often hinders men from attending services in small and hot iron buildings, while the fight against nature in a pioneer country is too keen for the farmer to have much time for spiritual things. It is true that "Man does not live by bread alone," and at times the truth is keenly felt. But, as a rule, the struggle for bread is great, and fills the mind. Official life flows on so easily, and is so full of varied out-of-doors interests that it would be strange for men to spend much time in the cultivation of their souls. The Boer, who is influenced by the traditions

of his forefathers, is religious. Family prayer and Bible-reading are as much the rule with the elder generation as they are the exception amongst the English. The Boer's idea of farming is very different and he is prepared to in-span his ox-waggon, leave his farm in the charge of natives, and go off to "Nachtmaal" or "Sacrament" once or twice a year.

Gathered in a little encampment on the outskirts of a little dorp, he will spend ten days on end in religious exercises, doing the little business he has to do, talking politics, and enjoying social life. "The Predikant" or "Minister" is well-paid and much honoured. He keeps his flock well in hand, sees that all rules are observed, and that church dues are paid, and his opinions on all subjects, especially upon politics, are deeply respected. But his theology is hopelessly out of date, and no longer holds the younger Boers, who are better educated. For instance, it is often taught and believed by the older generation that Noah had three sons, Shem, Ham, and Japheth. Shem was white in colour, Ham black, and Japheth a coloured man. Hence by direct decree the black and coloured sons were for ever accursed and doomed to be in bondage to the white. Old men of this school of thought have often, at the conclusion of the evening prayer and psalms, spoken most earnestly to the writer, and, indeed, according to their lights most truly, and have urged him not to undertake the wicked work of bringing the Gospel to the coloured and native people. "For," said they, "you are working against God's will, and to undo

His own curse." When one considers the conditions under which they have lived, it is marvellous that they have preserved so much of the theology of two hundred years ago, but it is a serious difficulty, and one which repels all thoughtful people, that they have learned so little since that date.

The fact that those professing their form of religion regard " slimness " as more or less of a virtue, and that no great stress is laid upon honesty and truthfulness in daily life, is apt to disgust the Englishman with religion itself. An experienced and trustworthy native priest told the writer that it was most difficult to rouse the natives on Boer farms to any sense of the value of their souls. For so many years they had been carefully taught that they were mere animals and dogs, that they had almost come to believe it. Though outwardly respectful, they were inwardly full of sullen rage and deceit, and formed quite a different problem from that of the free natives of Swaziland.

It cannot be denied that the Boers are a people with real religious feelings. They have the " root of the matter " and there are possibilities of growth. Abraham and Jacob are their favourite heroes. Abraham's faith was so great and real that it hides and even transforms the vein of deception which existed in his character. Jacob was a man from whom no one would wisely have bought a horse without seeing it first, but from being the " supplanter," his religion transformed him into Israel, the prince and leader of his people.

The modern Boer does not always do credit to his

Dutch and Huguenot ancestry. This is in part to be explained by his long contact with inferior races, whom he has made no serious attempt to elevate, and the absence of any necessity for manual work. His own ideals have fallen because he has not tried to implant them in others, and carry them out in his dealings with native races. But there is still hope. Like the native, the Boer cannot, and knows that he cannot, go on in the old ways. He is looking for light.

The case of the Englishman is different. He is, on the whole, well disposed to missionaries and their work, and having some knowledge of history, he is not inclined to despise primitive races, and has no objection to the rise of the native so long as it does not conflict with his own interests. "Give the poor beggars a chance, we were much the same once," is his motto. He thinks that religion is quite a good thing if you do not have too much of it, though he is rather inclined to associate it with Gothic buildings and a Puritan Sunday. He is quite prepared to attend services if they are not too frequent or too long, and has not given enough attention to the matter to know that there is much difference in the various creeds. His chief concern is with the practical results that follow outward observances, and he does not, as a rule, worry much about matters of the soul. He will support generously schools for the education of his children, and feels that this education should be on a definitely religious basis The education and care of his children is his main anxiety. He knows that they are brought into daily contact with

heathen nurse-boys, whose conversation and ideas are unspeakably gross, and he realises the danger that must result. He cannot afford to send them to expensive boarding schools in other districts, and if religion can provide places where his children can be well educated, well cared for, and well equipped for the battle of life, he feels that it is well worthy of support.

Any regular form of sacramental religion is for him almost impossible, nor does he understand the ideas underlying it. Missionary work of all kinds amongst the natives he groups together and regards as a whole. As a matter of fact, although this work has been going on around him for years, he knows remarkably little about it, and is amazed when told that the natives who belong to the missions of the Anglican Church are confirmed and attend Holy Communion in the same way as Europeans. His attitude towards Christian missions is decided by the conduct of the one or two natives whom he employs as servants. If they happen to be of good character and are Christians, he thinks well of the missionary and his work. If, however, they are called Christians, but steal or are idle, he condemns missionary work *en bloc*. His idea of what a Christian native should be is a high one. He should require fewer holidays and less pay than the heathen, should raise no complaints about food or quarters, should be respectful, honest, sober, and industrious, and in all cases put his master's interests before his own. It speaks well for Christianity and the native race that many attain this standard, and that the atti-

tude of the European is often very friendly to the work.

But his attitude towards the natives is influenced by other causes. The trader has found out that the civilised native is his best customer, that he wants more, and works to get it. Moreover, less crime is found amongst Christians than among the heathen. The average man now knows that it is nonsense to talk of keeping the native in his raw state, when his land has been taken and his customs have been upset. To use the words of Mr. Merriman, the veteran statesman at the Cape, " Johannesburg, the University of crime for the native, has opened her arms to receive them in their thousands." The average man knows that the native is in a dangerous transition stage, and sees dimly that Christianity is the only force that can guide him. " It is only those who half know the native that are against missionary work," said the oldest and most respected native trader to the writer. " No thinking man is against missionary work, but let it be done in a responsible way by responsible people," said the manager of the largest cattle ranch.

The way in which the British Government has adopted in her Colonial Empire the methods, and to a certain extent the ideals, of ancient Rome at her best, is amazing. Roughly speaking, Swaziland is administered by the machinery of a Roman province, and the machinery works well.

In religious matters the Englishman seems often to adopt the attitude of the old Romans. At the bottom of his heart he believes in his own religion,

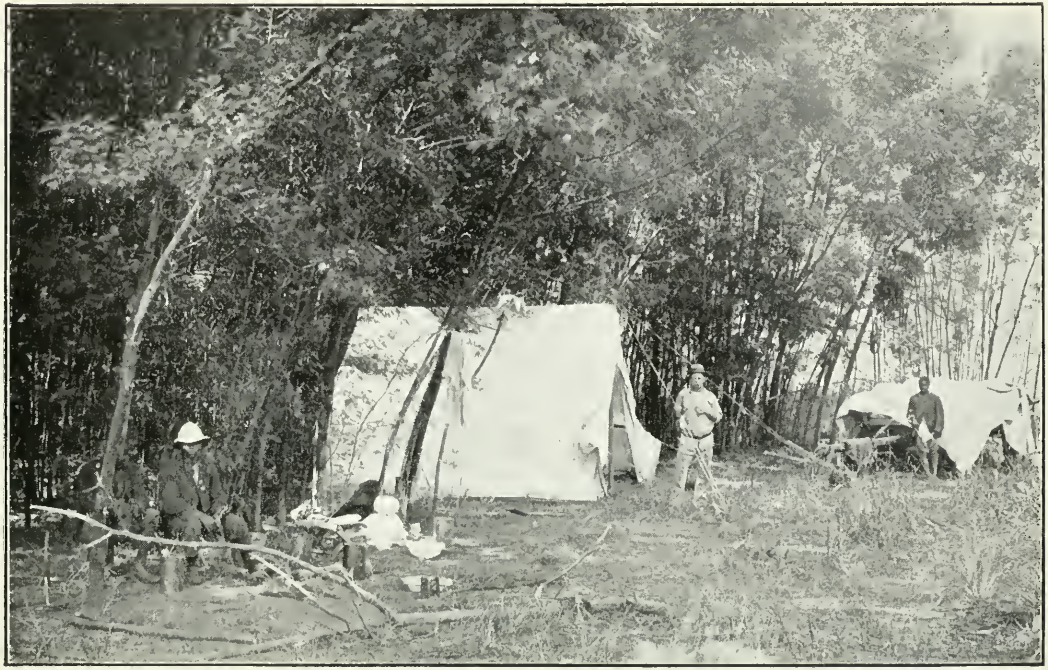
but says little about it, especially in public. Though he is willing to put other gods into his pantheon, he regards himself as a Christian. He feels that his forefathers owed a great deal to Christianity. For himself, Christianity involves rules of conduct rather than any positive belief.

At the same time, he has no desire to propagate it, and, indeed, his faith is so vague that to do so would be frankly impossible. He thinks that Buddhism is suited to China, and Mohammedanism to eastern countries, and he would not interfere with any man's creed, believing that there is good in all. The Swazis having no gods, he thinks, are best left with none, though they should be treated kindly and ruled well. In any case, the teaching of religion is the business of missionaries, not his. Nor does it concern or interest him.

But every now and then—about every three years, as an experienced clergyman said to the writer—the Englishman requires religion, and when he does want it he wants it badly. When the sixty Swaziland volunteers marched away to German South-West Africa in the war, it seemed a natural thing that the whole European population should assemble on the Mbabane Court House square to invoke God's blessing upon them. On the occasion of King Edward's death and of the Coronation of King George, and on the Declaration of War, it was the Church and the Church alone which could meet the need for prayer and divine guidance.

In the great crisis of March, 1918, when our armies were driven back and all seemed to be in the melting-

A EUROPEAN SERVICE IN COURT HOUSE SQUARE, MBABANE, ON THE CORONATION OF KING GEORGE



A PIONEER CATTLE RANCH IN SWAZILAND

pot, a message hurriedly sent round could draw, at an hour's notice, the whole population of Mbabane, official and civil, to the little church and keep them upon their knees. And in times of death, anxiety, pain, and sorrow, the ministry of the Church is felt to be the only means of help.

Such crises can only be met if the Church has "stood ready" during many years of patient, and sometimes difficult, times of expectancy and toil.

Moreover, in Swaziland, as elsewhere, there is a little band of stalwarts who, year in, year out, fail not; men of real Christian character, few in number, but true as steel; a little band of brothers such as those "whom when Paul saw, he took courage," for they gave the Christian worker that sympathy in the present, and that vision of the future, which he needed.

CHAPTER VII.

THE VILLAGE CHURCH.

How many times as he rode slowly along the last ten miles of some long and solitary journey in the bushveld of Swaziland has the writer's mind turned to the old Norman church of his village home in England. In the early hours of the morning, when the air is cool, nature seems to be awake and there is always something of interest—a buck, or bird, or strange plant, or insect to be seen along the track. But as the mid-day heat comes on, the mind of the rider seems to turn in upon itself and, ceasing to take interest in the things around, to find a pleasing distraction from the tedium of the track by letting the imagination wander far away to other scenes and other days.

Sunday morning has come in England, and there in that little quiet village in the peaceful Midlands—rich with green, luscious grass, with its huge, well-fed cattle, its sleek and ponderous draft-horses, its fat and heavy sheep—far from the problems and ugly sights of ungainly towns, the joyous old bells are clashing out their call to church.

Two narrow country roads converge upon an open stretch of grass, through which there runs an avenue

of ancient chestnut trees. By them we enter through the churchyard gate, and, passing the monuments erected by loving hands in days gone by to those whose surnames have been household words in the village since the days of Doomsday Book, we pass into the ancient church. For 800 years this place has been the house of God. The walls in places are six feet thick ; the rafters are blackened by extreme old age ; the arch is solidly built of stone. One's thoughts go forward as well as back, and call up in imagination as many future generations within its ancient walls in years to come as it has known before in the long centuries of its existence. In this ancient church the baron and his wife took the Sacrament together before he started on the First Crusade. Here, kneeling at God's table, Norman and Saxon learned that they were brothers. In this churchyard the archer, back from the wars, told the gossips of the village of the plunder gained in France. Here a Te Deum was sung for Cressy and for Agincourt. Here men flocked to give thanks for the victories of Marlborough, and here, too, some mourners crept in to bewail the valiant dead amidst the song of victory and triumph. Here men knelt to thank God for Trafalgar and for Nelson. Here as they prayed they remembered that thirty of their village folk had fought at Waterloo. How many hearts have turned, as does the writer's to-day, with gratitude and affection to that ancient place—by how many and by what strong cords does it hold them. In wild and stormy times such as these the courage and faith of the ancient builders seem to calm and

strengthen the soul, and this ancient symbol of the endurance and strength of God through all the ages conveys a message that is needed.

And as one comes to some little missionary church, built of sods plastered over with mud, and with its crooked roof of grass supported upon the rough trunk of a tree, one understands better than those at home the beginning of these things. One understands better still when one is present at a mission station where the European worker, assisted by unskilled natives, has struggled to raise a church of stone. How glad was the worker when the rough and clumsy work, which had cost so much honest labour, was finished and stood firm—a house of God for all time. Then came the feast of dedication, a real feast of good things, so far as the natives are concerned, when a beast was killed and great rejoicings were held. These scenes, oft repeated, bring vividly to the mind the condition of things and the temper of our own church-builders in the early Middle Ages.

Sixteen years ago, when Mbabane was but a collection of huts tenanted by a troop of S.A.C., and a few bachelor officials of the newly formed Swaziland Administration, and possessed only one or two iron shanties for traders, the little Church of the Transfiguration was altered from a dwelling house to a church in memory of one who had given her life whilst nursing another. And what a world of good has sprung from a husband's memorial of his wife! As the years pass by little parties have gathered within its walls for marriage, for baptism, and to pay their last tribute of prayer for their dead, and

HOLY ROOD CHURCH, ENDHLOZANA

ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH, BREMERSDORP

A SWAZI CHRISTIAN AND TWO HEATHEN GIRLS

many souls have been fed with the Bread of Life from the table of the Lord spread there Sunday by Sunday. Several generations of children have grown up at the school to whom the little wood and iron church—in many cases the only one they know—has been the centre of their life. Over 150, of whom more than thirty were adults, have been confirmed within its walls. What would Mbabane have been without its church ?

And it has grown with the place. It has been supplied with a new chancel, and seats for the children of the school have been provided. The sanctuary has been beautifully fitted in light oak, in memory of the first head-mistress of the school and of Mr. Edward Walters, one of the churchwardens. It contains also a beautiful carved oak memorial to our dead, with twenty-two names inscribed.

And from time to time how crowded has it been, *e.g.*, when war broke out, on each day of national intercession, and on each 4th day of August. When our armies were beaten back in March, 1918, within three hours of the receipt of the bad news the little church was crowded to the doors for a service of intercession. On the deaths of Lord Roberts, of Lord Kitchener, of General Botha, and on many other occasions, the church has afforded an opportunity for the expression of the feelings of the people of Mbabane.

It was good to see it half full of soldiers in their uniforms, freshly come from war, and with their honours thick upon them, who assembled to do honour to their fallen comrades at the dedication

of the Swaziland roll of honour. It was good to see the people gather in the church on Good Friday and to meet their risen Lord on Easter Day. Those glorious old churches in England are prayers in stone ; ours, out in these far-away corners of the Empire, represent the same ideals.

On 3rd July, 1921, the Bishop of Zululand consecrated the Memorial church of St. George at Bremersdorp, the old Boer capital of Swaziland. A step forward was thereby taken which crowns the labours of a former generation, and will long be remembered with gratitude. It is the first permanent stone church in the territory, and will stand out to future generations as a sign that its builders planned to offer of their best to Almighty God in gratitude for His mercies during the Great War, and in perpetual memory of those from Swaziland who gave their lives. It stands as a sign that they desire that those who come after them and fill their places should learn from the landmark which they have left behind that reverence for God which alone can make men great.

Before the Boer War, the Rev. W. Swinnerton, who was working at the Usutu Mission station, had planned to build a church in Bremersdorp, and had collected over £400 for the purpose. But when, during that war, Bremersdorp was burned, and the capital of the territory was moved to Mbabane, the plan fell into abeyance.

After the Great War the opportunity came. The European population of Swaziland felt that as an act of thanksgiving to Almighty God, a worthy

memorial of the dead should be erected. The fund in hand for Bremersdorp grew and grew. A handsome stone church, so designed that it might form the chancel of a larger church in days to come, has been erected. It is a building which, by its solidity and proportions, may in some slight degree teach men the dignity and reverence which should accompany the worship of God, and which should inspire future generations with the great ideals which led those whose names are commemorated there to sacrifice their lives.

CHAPTER VIII.

ST. MARK'S SCHOOL, MBABANE.

One difficulty that a European in a pioneer country has to face is the education of his children. When they first go to the country most men are unmarried, or, at any rate, their wives and children are living in other places. But as things settle down and the European population becomes larger, family life in the country begins. To bring up a family well on some isolated farm many miles from a white neighbour, or even in some little settlement, is no easy matter. The children are brought into daily and constant contact with heathen natives, are usually nursed by little native boys, and, as a result, often learn the native language before they know their own. Now the talk and ideas of the natives are low and foul beyond description, and the atmosphere is in consequence a very bad one for young children to grow up in. This causes parents much anxious thought. Soon the children must be sent to school, and the question is where are they to be sent ? The expense of sending them to a settled place in the older parts of the country is great, and cannot be faced by men who are struggling hard to win a bare living. The children cannot travel alone, and the

CHILDREN LEAVING ST. MARK'S SCHOOL, MBABANE

PUPILS OF ST. MARK'S SCHOOL, MBABANE

return journey might easily take the parent a fortnight. A boarding school of their own in some central place is the only thing which can meet the need. Education is a necessary part of the equipment of a European if he is to maintain his position in a country where the native is rapidly forging ahead, and the education provided must be good. A secondary school which will carry the children on to the Cape Matriculation is required. This examination is the standard one for South Africa, and opens the door to all the professions. The boarding arrangements of such a school must be good, and those responsible must be prepared to act as outfitters and general agents for the parents. Many of the poorer children come from fever districts, and have been fed on unsuitable food. The schoolmaster must not only teach his pupils, but must strengthen them by good food and careful treatment. Their whole outlook must be widened, and many of their habits changed.

In one of those charming little essays which will keep his memory green wherever English is read, Charles Lamb deals with the character and work of the schoolmaster. Travelling in an old-fashioned omnibus from the city to his home at Edmonton, he observed an elderly man seated in the corner of the conveyance. The man was soberly but neatly dressed, his manner reserved and self-contained, and his face happy with a quiet kindliness that appealed to the observer. Lamb, having little at the time to occupy his mind, fell to wondering to what profession the man belonged, and what was his way of life. At

one of the stopping-places a youth of about seventeen years entered the omnibus. He greeted the elderly man with real pleasure, his whole face lighting up with affection, and yet his manner showed the greatest respect. At once the riddle was solved. The stranger was a schoolmaster, and this was one of his old pupils. In their greeting of each other the relationship stood apparent ; and taking that relationship as his text, Lamb deals sympathetically and with real understanding with much that the profession of schoolmaster means.

Plato, writing of the soldier class in his *Republic*, says : " If only he were allowed to nurture them from babyhood in clean and healthy habits, and to write their songs for them, and play their games, and feed them with all pleasant sights in wholesome places through youth, then he need lay down no rules for conduct. They would create these for themselves. He could leave them to determine everything—how elders should behave to the younger, and how the young should treat their elders, and what plays were good, and what poetry was bad, and all the decencies and proprieties and customs of daily intercourse. They would be sure to settle them right, if only you have endowed them through education with true character."

More than three hundred years ago one of the wisest of men said, " The desk of the schoolmaster is the throne of the world," and as Bishop Fraser adds, " There is no such power in the world as that of a good religious education. A knowledge of God and the propagation of the Gospel was the noblest work that could be done among men."

But not only is the work great in the abstract ; it is the human relationship between the teacher and the taught that makes the salt of the schoolmaster's life. Here a man is at work down on the very foundations—clearing away the rubbish ; digging till he is on the solid rock ; squaring and cutting the stones that are to be used ; setting them slowly and painfully in place, but still setting them fair and square, and so deeply that all the fierce storms of life will dash against them in vain, even if the superstructure should fall ; laying a foundation upon which others may build some fair building, fair beyond the labourer's imagination, and yet one that could never have been erected but for his lowly and incessant toil. He is down in the dirt and mud, labouring at the beginning of that which will grow into a temple meet for God. In the pulpit the eloquence and fervour of the preacher often pass over the heads of a congregation, who sit either with minds atrophied by constant practice, thinking with impatience of the heat of the building or of the flies teasing the horses without, or perhaps fitting the words and exhortation to some neighbour seated near. But in the school the struggle is real, no merely mental exercise or masterly composition of English—there is the liar to be made truthful, the bully to be restrained by himself experiencing the power of a stronger arm, the timid to be encouraged, the lazy to be made to work, the foul-minded to be taught the strength of purity—all the wonderful list of virtues given us by St. Paul shown to be possible by the power of Christ.

In 1909 the four children who gathered in the ten by ten foot room of the priest in charge of Mbabane formed the nucleus of what is now a large and flourishing boarding school, with over eighty pupils, a staff of five teachers, a large building, and with several successes in the Cape Matriculation Examination to its credit. In 1922 one of the pupils obtained second-class honours in a year when no first-class honours were granted, and a Swaziland boy stood out as one of eight in the whole of the Union of South Africa and Rhodesia, amidst an entry of several thousand candidates.

In 1909 there were no desks or forms, no slates, no school books; everything had to be improvised as the work proceeded. The children seated on the mud floor of the room did their work on the seats of chairs borrowed from the little church. Within a few months the four scholars had increased to eighteen, and a little house in the place had been hired in which they were boarded. Now, with the generous help of the Swaziland Government, and of the Europeans of the country, good school buildings have been erected on a prominent and healthy site, and proper apparatus has been bought. The rule of the school was that no fixed fees should be charged, and that no child should be deprived of a good education on account of the poverty, or even the idleness, of the parent. Those parents who could afford it paid well, those who could afford little paid little, while for the very poor education and even clothing and necessary transport were free. The system worked easily, as there are few social dis-

ST. MARK'S SCHOOL, MBABANE

BOYS AT ST. MARK'S SCHOOL

SCHOLARS OF ST. MARK'S SCHOOL, EMPOLONJENI

tinctions in Swaziland, and all children, whether British or Boer, rich or poor, were treated in exactly the same way. The school became a home as well as a school, and an orphanage in case of need. The necessary money was found partly by the Government, and partly by private subscriptions.

It was an amusing sight at the beginning of each term to see the headmaster arrive at the tail of a commando of children whom he had gone out to collect ; some were mounted on donkeys, others on mules and horses, and they were followed by a small army of natives bearing their packages. Some of the pupils rode seventy miles and crossed a river to come to school, and at one time the principal commando from the northern district of the country consisted of twenty-two children, riding on animals of very varying condition and age. As the school became better known, children from the Eastern Transvaal, from Piet Retief, and even from Vryheid and Durban, began to arrive. The fame of Mbabane as an educational centre soon spread, and extra post-carts had to be put on the road at the beginning and end of each term. The school became a great asset to the territory.

Founded as a missionary institution in every sense of the word, and carried on as such, the aim of the teachers has always been that everything should be built on the foundation of all life, character, and knowledge, Jesus Christ our Lord. The services in the little church of Mbabane were the centre around which all revolved. And so in 1911 the Government Inspector of Schools for the Crown

Colonies of South Africa was able to report: "It is evident that the children receive a really excellent education and training, likely to exercise an enormous influence on the future career of each individual scholar," and to follow this by many good reports of a similar nature.

But it is the parents of the children who are best able to appreciate the value of a school. In 1919 a parent wrote from the Transvaal: "My son, at one time scholar and boarder at St. Mark's, has made no appreciable progress in his studies since he left it, and in character development he has certainly shown a deterioration. I should be extremely glad if he is allowed to return." From Durban: "I am sending my boy back to you. He says that St. Mark's School is the only one where he has been made to work. We offered him St. John's, Johannesburg, or Michaelhouse, but he said that he should run back by road if not sent to you." From the Bishop at Kwamagwaza: "Miss —— (ex-pupil) is just the sort of person we want here." Colonial girls do not, as a rule, go to help in native Mission schools. From a parent: "The children often speak of St. Mark's most kindly, and wish they were back in Mbabane, as, indeed, do I." From an ex-pupil: "I cannot thank St. Mark's enough for all it did for me and for the members of my family while we were at school. I appreciate it more and more as time goes on, and I understand better." From another ex-pupil to the headmaster: "I cried with excitement when I got your letter. It brought back to me the memory of such happy times." "The boys are the best in the

regiment, they are reliable, and know how to obey," wrote an officer at the Front. A Wesleyan missionary, working in the country, wrote: "I must thank St. Mark's for all it has done for Russell and David. St. Mark's has been a boon to us indeed. The training has done much to prepare them for their future life. Whatever they may rise to, we and they will always gratefully remember and acknowledge what St. Mark's has done for them."

Here is one written by a Dutch boy, whose parents live in a miserable hovel. He came to St. Mark's puny and sick with fever, "a poor white" of the lowest description. He is now physically fit and strong and a qualified fitter on one of the mines. "Where I am now I am proud that I am learning a trade. I am quite satisfied with the work here, and the trade. There is quite a good deal to learn. The only drawback to the place is that they have no church here. I think that every man should look forward to the place where he worships. It is something that stands as the greatest part in everybody's life, and I sincerely hope it will be something I can grasp and carry out in my life, in honour of my teaching at St. Mark's School."

The headmaster on one occasion was visiting one of the cattle ranches in the bushveld, far away from any civilised place. There he met the manager and some young men looking after the herds of cattle. The temptations for young men in such circumstances are very great, and they need all the spiritual help that can be given. An old boy of the school was working there. He asked for a celebration of the

Holy Communion early next morning. Six of the young men came, some having ridden for miles to attend. The manager said : " In all the time I have been doing this class of work I have never known young men to live as cleanly and honestly as those young men do, and their leader is your boy from St. Mark's. I should be glad to get as many as possible of the same kind." It was from this ranch that a young man walked seventy miles to Mbabane to be confirmed, sleeping two nights at kraals *en route*. He gave his life in the Great War.

We quote one more tribute to the value of the school, rendered by a Boer parent whose son arrived at the school without shoes and stockings, but is now in a good position in the National Bank of South Africa. In 1920 there was some talk of the school ceasing to be under the management of the Anglican Church, and being handed to the Government, owing to financial difficulties. This man had complained before that his son had become a " khaki " or " Britisher " at the school, and had volunteered for the Front, and held many opinions which were quite different from those of his father. Now he wrote (in his case, no small labour) asking that the management of the school might remain in Church hands, " for he had seen what the Church and religion had done for his children." The writer was once spending the night at the shanty of an old European—a generous, kindly old man educated at one of the best of the English public schools, but one who had made a sad mess of his own life. " Don't talk to me of England and old days ", he said, " it is rather painful

to me. But I will tell you something that will please you. You know——" (naming a family of poor Boer whites about twenty miles away), "well, they have improved, and are now decent people. No predikant or minister can ever come near them. They cannot read. But their children have taught them to be Christians, and they have improved their whole method of living. The parents do not like the children to see their home poorer and worse than the school, and have made great efforts. In the evenings the children tell them about God, and it has made all the difference. It has also brought old memories back to my mind. Preach me the sermon you are going to give next Sunday." And so, sitting by the fire outside the little shanty, in the heart of the bush country, the old man and the priest talked far into the night of the great matters of the soul.

CHAPTER IX.

ST. MARK'S COLOURED SCHOOL, EMPOLONJENI.

HUMAN nature being what it is, the problem of the coloured or half-caste child is bound to arise in every tropical country in which white men begin to settle. These children are to a great extent a legacy of earlier days when conditions were different, and they cannot be ignored. The point to be considered is the attitude which the Christian Church should adopt towards them. In the first place, it has to be remembered that by the mere fact of their birth they have become the innocent victims of a great wrong, a wrong that only the love and mercy of God can eventually set right. In this world they must ever bear the mark of their shame, and proclaim to all men by their features and their colour the stain of their birth. They enter life terribly handicapped, and however excellent may be their disposition and character, this handicap cannot be overcome.

Is it, then, strange that they often falter in the battle of life, and being despised, become despicable? Our Blessed Lord always took the side of the underdog in life, and helped to carry the burdens of those whom men derided and despised. "The Friend of publicans and sinners" was no empty title, for it was given Him by His enemies, and a man's enemies

ST. MARK'S SCHOOL, EMPOLONJENI

GYMNASTICS AT ST. MARK'S SCHOOL

often judge his character more accurately than his friends. The poor and outcast sought Him because they knew He had a heart, and surely no children are dearer to the Saviour now than are those unfortunates who, in childish innocence themselves, are the result of the sin of both European and African, and who sadly need His love and care.

The writer had occasion to visit in hospital the father of some of these children. The man thought that he was dying, and wished to make some provision for their future. "I have sent for you because I wish you to have the care of my children after I am dead," he said; "you people have got an 'eart." And it is because the Church has got a heart that the school of Empolonjeni exists.

"I came to this country," said the man, "nearly thirty years ago. It was supposed to be so fever-stricken that no European woman could be asked to live there. Many men had native women to cook and wash for them, and without help of this sort, life would have been almost unbearable. I had one, and found her good and not unattractive. After a time I married her, and children came. She was a good wife to me, nursed me in fever, and helped me to make my fortune in the native store. The children were my children, bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh. As the country grew more settled, some of the men said to me, 'Why do you not put away this woman and marry respectably? Give her and the children some cattle and send them away.' I answered that I was not that sort of man. If I had made a mistake I would stick to it, even if it ruined

my life. But if I had known what it would have meant for my children, I would have hanged myself before I did this thing." The speaker had made a very brave attempt to bring up his coloured children well. A few months later he died a sincere Christian. On one occasion he said : " Before the Church took an interest in my children I did not believe there was much in religion except parson's talk, but when my little boy came back from school and said his prayers it made me think. Then I began to study the matter, and found that before I had known nothing on the subject. I prayed to God for guidance and the light dawned. I was blind, now I see." After his conversion he was confirmed, and in the few months that remained to him of life he made a gallant attempt to convert his fellows. Once again the old Scriptures were proved to be true : " A little child shall lead them." It would be possible to relate other similar stories.

Two men in Swaziland volunteered for and laid down their lives in the Great War. Both of them had left responsibilities behind. Should these white men's children be left to be brought up in a native kraal, with the possibility of starvation ? A white man died of fever at the Front, leaving behind a family of seven. The native woman, hearing that the man was dead, deserted them. Seven children, the eldest twelve years of age, were left alone to fend for themselves as best they could in a native hut, and under the doubtful care of one old native uncle, himself unmarried. Has the Church no heart for such cases as these ?

The majority of these coloured children have long ago been deserted by their fathers. They have gone to pastures new, and have perhaps little thought of the brood of bastards they have left behind. And yet, strange to say, the children seem to have kindly thoughts of them, and are proud of their European parentage. It has fallen to the writer to keep back from the post many pathetic little letters written by the children to such men. It is better that the child should think the father careless, or the post in fault, than that he should learn the truth from some insulting answer. "Why do you never write to me, father? I think of you every day." "I pray for you always. Do you ever think of me?" "I am doing well at school, and am in Standard IV," they say.

The letters are carefully and laboriously written by those who hope, and go on hoping for some appreciation of their efforts towards improvement and self-respect.

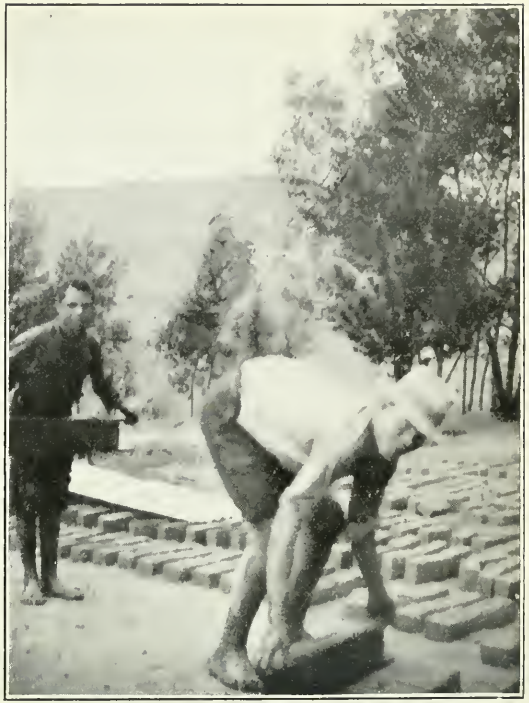
Three points have to be considered. In the first place, is it possible for these children to be merged into and absorbed by the native population of the country? The temperament and character of the children themselves entirely preclude such a possibility. Were it practicable, it would be the obvious solution of a great difficulty, and it is one much desired by the Europeans. But the human factor enters into the problem.

In older colonies, such as the Cape and Natal, the coloured people have formed a nation of their own, and have solved the problem for themselves. They

are neither confounded with nor treated as natives, and in all their customs, such as monogamy and the profession of Christianity, they follow the white people. They do not desire social equality, but they press for full political rights and for entry into the ranks of skilled labour. As a people they increase rapidly in numbers, and are a very important element in the general population.

But in countries such as Rhodesia or Swaziland there are not enough of them to enable them to stand alone. They look to the white side of their birth, and are determined to claim it. Nothing can alter this fact. At one time an attempt was made to persuade the children at Empolonjeni to adopt other names than their own, or to use their native names. " We were not picked up in the veld ; we are not dogs. We have a father, and shall use his name," they answered. The native is not prepared to receive them except on a basis of equality, or even inferiority, and this the white blood of the European will not stand. Even the feeblest coloured child knows that he has sprung from a superior race, and feels that he cannot accept a position beneath the native in the social scale. In addition to all this, the native much resents the interference with his women folk by white men, and is inclined to vent this resentment on the children. The morality of kraal life is of such an appallingly degraded character, that no boy or girl reaches the age of puberty with a shred of decency remaining. But these are the children of white men, some of whom have been well brought up in a rough way. The girls are attractive

COLOURED BOYS AT ST. MARK'S SCHOOL, EMPOLONJENI



in appearance, and the boys vigorous and often handsome. It is impossible to think of them living the debauched and filthy life of a kraal.

Can they then mix with the Europeans and be absorbed into the white population? The answer again is, No. Some of them are wonderfully European in appearance, with blue eyes, straight and even fair hair. But they still retain traces of their African origin, and they could not be allowed to marry with the dominant race. They have been too much in contact with the natives, and have absorbed too much from them. They cannot be allowed free social intercourse with Europeans. They do not demand equality, but recognition according to their moral worth, and this is what thinking men are more and more inclined to grant them. General Hertzog, speaking in the Free State, the home of reaction and of lost causes, pleaded hard for the recognition of the coloured man, and that freedom should be given him to sell his labour to the best advantage. The coloured child reminds the white man of his sin, and he wishes to forget his existence and put him out of sight, and he refuses to recognise him as in any sense his equal. Besides, he dreads his competition in the ranks of skilled labour, and their competition, in spite of the Labour Party and the Colour Bar, is being felt more keenly as time goes on. It frightens men.

A school such as Empolonjeni does more to stop the spread of illegitimate unions between whites and natives than a thousand sermons on immorality. The children of shame can no longer be hidden at

the kraals. They come to light again as educated and decent folk. " If you will not provide for your children, we, at any rate, will see they have some hope in life, some chance of doing well," is the message of the school to an unnatural parent. " If you saw your children, sturdy, affectionate, clean in body and in mind, keen at work and at play, you would feel ashamed, not of them, but of yourself."

As to the character of the children themselves, it is the fashion to evade responsibilities towards them by saying that they have the vices of both races, and are hopelessly ungrateful and immoral. " The half-caste is one who hates his father and loathes his mother," said a popular writer. After eight years' full experience the writer denies the truth of this statement. These children at Empolynjeni are of the first generation, and in most cases, although they have no father to look to, are affectionate and responsive. They certainly love their African mothers very sincerely. In a sermon the writer once said to them : " Who is it that always loves you and cares for you, to whom you can always go for help ? " " My mother," came back the answer in chorus. The fact that they respect, and love and help their mothers well in after life stands out most clearly, and cannot be denied by any who have real knowledge of the race. They may have the vices of both races, but they certainly have their virtues too, and that in no small measure. They possess energy and a keen desire to rise, a good deal of the brain-power and capacity to absorb new ideas, together with the reliability of the European ; while on the native side

they have inherited good nature, an absence of malice, and a desire to help. And above all, they have the love of God. Perhaps it is the sense of their own weakness that makes them cling to Christ. To them—as, indeed, to all children—prayer and sacrament are very real. It is good to see them keen in school, or happy in their play, but it is best to see them kneeling by their bedsides at night. We know that our blessed Saviour loves the fatherless. It is good to see Him filling—and more than filling, in their hearts—an earthly father's place.

"My sisters and I meet every Sunday and say the service over to ourselves," is an extract from the letter of an old pupil far from any place of worship. "You will pray for us"—a request in many and many a message to the old school.

"Ah! attractive, I make no doubt, willing little workers, honest and affectionate, orderly and respectful, perhaps," the reader may say, "but are they moral?"

"The sins of the fathers have been visited on the children in many ways; should they escape this one?" would be the answer. Under good conditions they seem as moral as other folk; but working in the white man's back kitchen or stable, and exposed to many temptations, they are not so. A sore and resentful heart is a veritable breeding ground of vice. In bad conditions they are frankly bad. Pushed down to the level of the native, and treated as a native servant, they cannot be called moral. But give them proper sleeping accommodation and treat them with respect, and they do as well as most.

In six years no single girl at Empolonjeni has fallen, no boy been in serious trouble. We are very anxious as to the future of some, but at the time of writing this statement remains true. The Government Inspector reported on the school (now grown to seventy) in June, 1921:—

"The work of the pupils has always been neat and tidy. This year some exceptionally good work was to be seen. English reading is very much improved, and in their essays, which were well expressed, the pupils showed considerable originality of thought. . . . The drawings from nature and from memory showed that some of the pupils possess considerable gifts for observing accurately, and expressing realistically what they see around them. Several of the pupils have left this school to go out into the world, and it is interesting to find that they are doing well, and are well thought of by their employers. I saw some letters received from their employers containing most eulogistic expressions. 'Good and willing.' 'A great help.' 'Nothing but good to say of them.' These letters, written in the ordinary course of events, and not intended as testimonials, gave one a deep impression of the value of the work done here."

CHAPTER X.

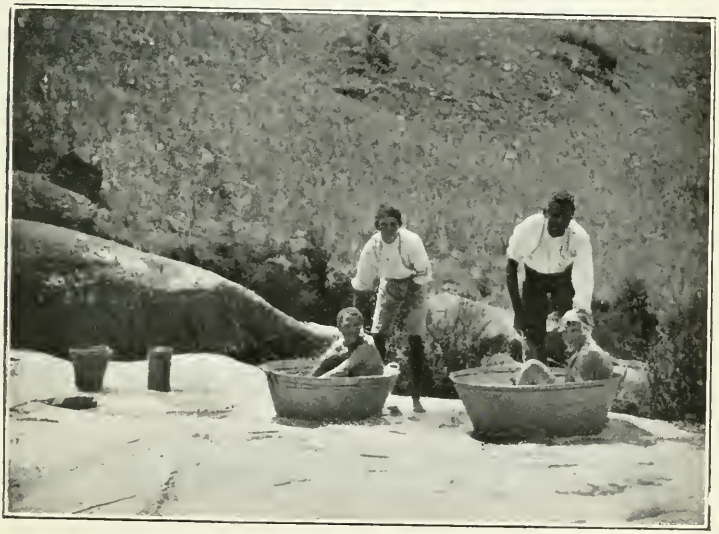
HISTORY OF MISSIONARY WORK IN SWAZILAND.

It is over fifty years ago since the Rev. R. Robertson, "The Apostle of Zululand," wrote to S.P.G. that he had been a long journey of exploration in his waggon, and from Ingwavuma Mountain, on the extreme edge of Zululand, had seen the unknown Swazi country stretching out in front of him. He hoped that at some future time it might be possible to do something for its evangelisation. As, however, he was working alone in a vast and savage country distracted by native wars, the prospect of opening up work there seemed but an empty dream. Ten years later, however, European civilisation pushed up nearer to the south-east border, and the Rev. J. Allison, the pioneer Wesleyan missionary, pressed in and established himself at Mahamba, and the Christian attack upon heathenism began. However, owing to native disturbances, he retired after a few months, and did not again return. Bishop Wilkinson, the first Bishop of Zululand, was anxious to establish work there, and finally two farms were bought. One was at Endhlozana, near Piet Retief, and touching the border of Swaziland on the one boundary, while on the other it was surrounded by the Boer farms of what was

known as the " Little Free State," described in a previous chapter. This farm was named " Holy Rood." The other, which was called the Komati Farm, was in the Lake Chrissie district, near the Swaziland border, and formed part of the New Scotland settlement. Both farms were inhabited by Swazis, were healthy, and would make good " jumping-off " places for an entry into the country itself.

It was from Holy Rood that Rev. Joel Jackson and Mr. Hailes, both S.P.G. missionaries, rode into Swaziland and obtained from Mbandine a large tract of land on the banks of the Usutu river, in the centre of the country, and not far from the royal kraal, on which to establish a Mission station. To them belongs the honour of being the actual pioneer missionaries in the country itself. Both were active, resolute, and capable men. Soon the first white man's house in the country was built, and the regular work of a Mission station established. Mr. Hailes returned to Holy Rood, but Mr. Jackson remained for twenty years in Swaziland, where his name still stands high amongst the older Europeans and Swazis. Twenty years is a long spell of a man's life, and during that time Mr. Jackson saw great changes. His first work was to make his own road for a distance of thirty-five miles from Holy Rood, to do which he had to negotiate the steep sides of Mankayana Mountain, and to find a suitable crossing of the big Usutu river. The Swazis in those days occupied themselves solely in raiding and in hunting, and could not be got to undertake work of any kind, so a small colony of Christian natives had to be imported

MISSION STATION AT KOMATI FARM



SATURDAY NIGHT TUB

A SWAZI WARRIOR

from Natal. The only products of the country were cattle and native corn, and even the simplest necessaries of life had to be brought in the Mission waggons by road from Durban. The expenditure of time upon this was very great, and Mr. Jackson, being but poorly supplied with money, had perforce to win for himself a living from the soil. The development of the Usutu Mission station under his care was remarkable, and soon the country was provided with an object-lesson to show what a pioneer Mission station should be.

Substantial well-constructed buildings were erected, and a wonderful garden with thirty kinds of fruit trees, sugar-cane, bamboo, flowering shrubs, and many kinds of vegetables, came into existence where before had been bare veld. A deep trench was dug to keep off the depredations of the white ants. A school was opened, and native girls were protected and taught. At one time over thirty of these were sleeping in the Mission buildings under the care of Mrs. Jackson. Services were held and medicines dispensed, and the place became a hive of Christian faith and industry. To-day, after thirty years, Mr. Jackson is still called by the Swazis "a father of the people," so green has his memory remained. As his reputation increased, the heathen around began to come in, and with them came many difficulties. Natives fleeing from justice or from the cruelty of Mbandine sought and were given protection, and they settled around the station. At one time the king's son, running away from his father's vengeance, was hidden by Mr. Jackson under the rafters of his

house, while an armed impi made search for him. A supply of shields and spears had to be kept ready to arm the natives in case of need. But these were not the only difficulties to be faced. European adventurers and traders were pushing up fast into the country, following in the steps of the elephant-hunters of days gone by. Gin could be sold to the natives without restriction, and the royal kraal teemed with concession-seekers. The gold mines at Piggs Peak and Forbes Reef had started work, a little settlement at Bremersdorp was forming: the white man had arrived to stay. Mbandine appointed a committee of Europeans to help him deal with their interests, as he felt unable to understand and cope with them.

Mr. Jackson was one of the members, and incurred the hatred of the concessionaires by openly advising the king not to give way to their requests. Personally, he seems to have been popular amongst them, and would run his waggons in company with McNab and others, but in public matters he was their enemy. The old queen often says, "I am she who poisoned my people, for I persuaded Mbandine not to listen to Mr. Jackson, and would not let my son be educated by him in old days." Politically, he supported England at the royal kraal as against the Boer republic. The natives on the station were not of the best quality. Those he brought with him from Natal grew enervated by the heat of the climate and by fever. The Swazis who came to him were refugees, and had in some cases been driven away from their homes for good reasons. Yet, in spite of

all, an industrious, orderly Christianity was established, and Mission stations were started. Few men have better reason to be proud of their work than Mr. Jackson. Not only has his work been the basis of all the missionary activities since his time, but by making a civilised life possible in Swaziland, and by introducing fruit trees into the country, he helped to open it up for his fellow white men. After twenty years of strenuous and noble work he retired to Natal, where he spent the few last months of his life.

In 1890 the South African General Mission sent up the Rev. J. Baillie and a little staff of workers, who established themselves near Mr. Jackson at the Usutu. No missionary history of Swaziland would be complete without mention of Mr. Baillie, who is at the present time the " Father of the Missionaries " in Swaziland. The original idea was that the South African General Mission should prepare the way for more highly organised Christian bodies, and then, after handing over their converts, should move on. But this method of work proved to be impossible, and the Mission has now a complete organisation of its own, with laws and rules of membership. Under the guidance of the saintly and gentle Mr. Baillie, its members have maintained their own principles unimpaired, and have managed to keep on the best of terms with all the other Christian bodies in Swaziland.

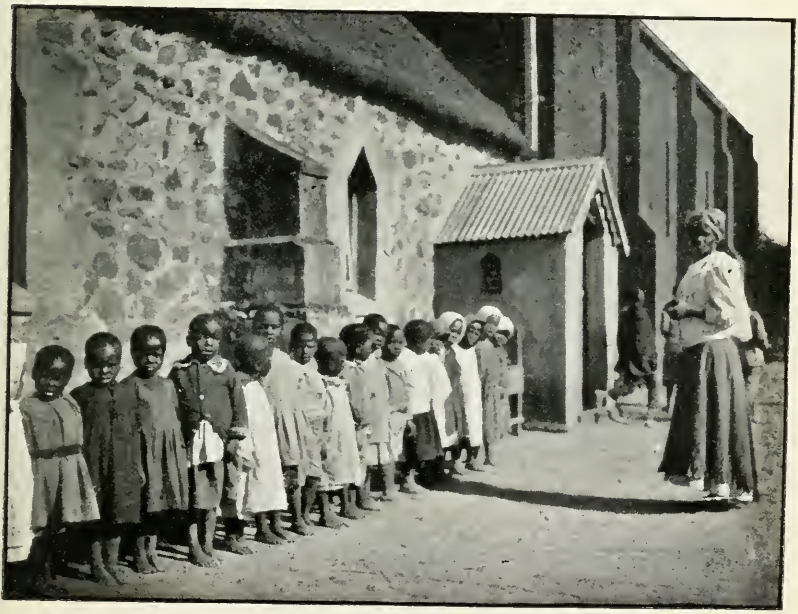
The Wesleyans who returned to Mahamba established a good school, and soon began to throw out Mission stations and preaching centres, but they

suffered from a scarcity of European workers. To-day they are a powerful body with a large membership. The Scandinavian Alliance, which is recruited largely in America, sent out devoted workers in large numbers. In more recent times, the Pentecostal Revivalists (American) established work at Stegi and Piggs Peak, the latter station being especially well equipped with workers and with money. In 1912 the Roman Catholics sent the members of an Austrian Order to establish a strong work at Mbabane and in the bushveld. At the present time this is probably the best-equipped Mission. Coming late to the country, they were able to enter into the labours of their predecessors, and to reap where others had sown. They had also the advantage of starting on a large scale and with a big staff of devoted workers.

The Lutherans (Berlin Mission), in the eighties, had sent in a little colony of native Christians from Ermelo to establish themselves on the Swaziland border near Forbes Reef. The idea was that these people, who had been well taught and trained, should be the means of spreading Christianity amongst the Swazis around.

The scheme seemed an excellent one, but it did not work out in practice. The colony remained Christian, and did not lose the elements of civilisation its members had acquired, but at the same time, they neither evangelized their fellows nor made any advance themselves. At the present time, the German missionary visits them from time to time, and has managed to establish another small station near the royal kraal. In 1910 the Pentecostal

LITTLE CHILDREN SWEEPING OUTSIDE THE HOLY ROOD CHURCH



AN INFANT CLASS, HOLY ROOD SCHOOL

SOME WOMEN OF THE MOTHERS' UNION, HOLY ROOD

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL CLASS AT HOLY ROOD

Church, whose main tenet is speaking with tongues, established a station at Nomahasha, near the Bishop of Lebombo's School of St. Christopher. As, however, the European members of the Mission feel it a matter of conscience not to take quinine or other medicines, several deaths have occurred, and the work remains small. As a matter of fact, all missionary work which is, like this, of a highly emotional character, is dangerous amongst a barbarous people. Periods of great religious excitement are frequently followed by orgies of immorality. The Baptists, who are represented by two native ministers who had been excommunicated by their Church, tried to establish themselves at the royal kraal, but as Burza objected on grounds of morality to their having all-night discussions with the female members of their congregations, they were thrashed by his heathen bodyguard and ejected. The Salvation Army established a small work in Swaziland some years ago, but have retired. The Church of the Seventh Day Adventists and Zionists (very loosely controlled bodies with revolutionary tendencies) are dangerous and mischievous native sects, and are spreading rapidly. They have an extraordinary ritual and costume, and shouting and dancing in religious transports are features of their all-night meetings.

Their existence alone demands the work of properly controlled Missions in the country. Civilisation is, perhaps, driving the seven evil spirits out of the heathen mind ; but if the house be swept and garnished, and sound teaching does not take their place,

the native will learn new ways of evil, and his last state will be worse than the first. Two independent native Churches have also sprung up as a result of the spiritual indigestion produced by religious anarchy. These consist mainly of converts who have been ejected for immorality by other bodies, and teach a religion, in their own words, " suited to the plane of the Swazi mind," *i.e.*, without any restraints on conduct.

Meanwhile the Anglican Church Mission, which plods patiently on, though under-equipped and understaffed, is making steady progress. At the Usutu the Rev. W. A. Challis played the part of a reformer, and not only ruled the people well and justly for twelve years, but succeeded in establishing several new stations. At Holy Rood, Canon Mercer worked steadily for nearly twenty years, and by means of his excellent school produced a generation of Christians, who have settled in various parts of Swaziland and form the basis of the church work in the country.

CHAPTER XI.

MISSIONARY WORK AMONG THE NATIVES.

A STORY is told of a young man full of enthusiasm for the missionary cause who applied to the committee of one of the societies for work. The chairman looked at him a moment or two in silence, and then said, "Do you know your alphabet?" "Of course I do!" answered the candidate, slightly nettled. "Then say it over to me, and let me hear it," said the chairman. Swallowing his wrath and disappointment at his reception, the candidate complied with the request, with the best grace he could. "Ah!" said the chairman, "you will do. You have proved that you do not resent small annoyances, and do not turn back from a great purpose because the things you are asked to do seem trivial." The moral of the story is true enough. The purpose and urgency of the work are great, but it involves many annoying details, and it is sometimes hard for the missionary to realise what his efforts achieve, and how vast are the results of his work, as he wrestles day by day with darkened and childish souls, and attends to all the petty duties which are inevitable in a pioneer country.

At first sight he is struck with the size and the

intense reverence of the native congregations. The missionary can scarcely provide enough services for the Swazis, and the longer they are the more will the native congregations appreciate them. The unaccompanied singing is wonderful, and the demeanour of the worshippers such as might be expected in the chapel of an English theological college. Many of the people walk miles to attend, and at the end of the service their first question is, " When will the next take place ? "

The missionary sees at once that the whole religious outlook of the native is different from that of the European, and his desire to work amongst so responsive a people is strengthened. The demand for prayer-books, hymn-books, and Bibles is also very great, and large quantities are sold, in spite of the poverty of the people.

But as he gets to know them better a process of disillusionment sets in. He finds that some of the most devout of the worshippers have been guilty of terrible immorality, and that some of those who are most eager to receive the Sacrament are living in outrageous sin. He finds Christians of the second generations most disappointing, and realises the truth of Livingstone's advice, " that no young missionary should be placed on an old Mission station." Amongst these people he finds that the desire for education and for European civilisation are greater than their love of the Gospel. He is told by Europeans that native Christians are more immoral and less honest than the heathen, and by sorrowful experience he soon begins to dread that

this is true. He finds that the belief in witchcraft has still a strong hold on the minds of his flock, and he wonders sometimes how far they regard the sacraments simply as "white men's medicine," and of a stronger kind than can be produced by their own witch doctors.

Begging, which is ceaseless, and is practised by the whole race, from the highest to the lowest, becomes a source of deep annoyance. The missionary, with all his heavy expenses, is paid but half the wages of an artisan, and must, if his work is to be effective, be constantly producing sums of money from various sources to keep it afloat. Consequently the ceaseless demand for money or goods from every native teacher and every out-station gets on his nerves. In his distress, the words of the king of Israel come often to the mind: "If the Lord do not help thee, whence shall I help thee, out of the barn-floor or out of the wine-press?"

"The ceaseless effort to get money is wearing me out," wrote the Bishop, and those in less responsible positions can enter into the bitterness of the complaint. "Ah, Doreen is a sad, bad child," said an Irish woman of her daughter, "one eye on her catechism and one eye up the chimney all the time!" The missionary can never really sit down to the work itself, for one eye has to be always up the chimney looking for the money.

When he reads in Mission papers that "the missionary should be free from financial anxiety," it seems like a dreadful kind of irony, yet in many cases the demand for money is just, though it has to

be refused. The teachers and workers *are* sweated in their wages; the accommodation provided for them is miserable, and they are unable to work effectively owing to lack of funds. If a hail-storm destroys their little crops they endure semi-starvation, and their wives and children are in actual want. The European, with his wider vision, can endure the loss of countless openings for extending the work owing to lack of funds, but the native worker loses heart if he has always to be told, "There is no money, we cannot take advantage of the opening," when he has laboured to secure some good field for extension. And one begins to lose enthusiasm when he hears, "I know your church and school is over-crowded, but we cannot build, nor can we provide the books and slates. You must go on another year as best you can, and we will see what can be done."

Another force to be reckoned with is the moral collapse of old and trusted workers, who are also friends—men who have shown real spiritual insight, whose lives and words have often been a help to the European missionary, men of whose sympathy he was always sure, and on whose advice he leaned. And now they have fallen into open and terrible sin. For months they have been deceiving him, and only when their sin could no longer be concealed have they come forward to confess it. Their case is tried by a body of their fellow Christians, men to whom they have ministered, whose dread of being themselves involved if an inquiry were instituted has prevented their reporting the matter when they ought to have done so. And now they sit, those

A SWAZI

A SWAZI MOTHER AND BABY

TYPES OF SWAZIS

grave and reverent judges of their brother, with faces depicting the greatest sorrow and godly anger, for has not the erring one committed that most unpardonable of all crimes, that of being found out ?

" Ah ! you must not be too angry with my people. The Gospel is a new thing to us, and we have very far to go," were words spoken by a native to the writer. And they are most true.

Yet, in spite of the countless ways by which a native can drive a white man to frenzy in a hot climate, *e.g.*, by his unpunctuality and ignorance of the value of time, his petty quarrels over trifles, and his unending volume of talk which has to be endured before the real matter at stake is even mentioned, the Swazis are a very lovable people. Their unfailing good-nature and pleasant manners, their hospitality and kindliness, the system of community of lands and goods under which they have been brought up, their desire to help in difficulties, the way in which they will seize on the slightest pretext for being cheerful, forbid the missionary to despair. " Yes, we know we are a bad people, but we do not mind at all," said one of them at the conclusion of a matter.

But there are yet other reasons for encouragement. There can be no doubt that they have a real capacity for spiritual life. Like David, they can sin deeply, but like David, they can deeply love. The Good News is often good news, indeed, to them. They have, and in good measure, a deep, simple, child-like faith in the power of Christ, and in Christ they can do all things. Their faces will often lighten with

real spiritual fervour as they receive the Sacrament, and when they say so simply, "We know that we often fail, but we are those who try," it is perfectly true.

From a nation such as this are saints made. Amongst the Mission workers are to be found an old Zulu priest, who battles steadily along, year in year out, never lowering his standard though he works alone; another who rules well and fearlessly, yet whose sternest judgments are tempered with the love of Christ, who has a real knowledge of spiritual things, and has won the deep respect of black and white through long years of honest and courageous service in the Master's cause; another, a priest taken as a herd-boy from Endhlozana, and now a gentle but true fisher of men; another who has roused from their lethargy and vice the people of an old-established Mission station at the Usutu; and yet another who, when placed in a difficult position at the royal kraal, could, like St. Athanasius, stand out against his little world and take defeat with fortitude and courage. Who can despair of a nation such as this?

"There is no such thing as a native mind," said an experienced Colonial official to the writer. "The native acts on the same general principles as the white man; the same rules apply to him." In the case of the large congregations which we sometimes see in England, the Christian teaching received is a light in darkness, but it is only a few who are so affected that the whole tenor of their lives is changed. So is it with the natives of Swaziland. Christ is a light to all, and a guide to take them through these

dangerous days, but it is only here and there He calls one closely to Himself and everything is changed —his whole life becomes changed.

. . . . . .

No man can convert another, for that is the work of the Holy Spirit of God and of Him alone. "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, nor whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit." Yes, men realise the existence of the Power which from time to time transforms native life, but they cannot grasp its origin. To wrestle with God in prayer that the Holy Spirit may come in deeper measure upon those who teach, and those who learn in heathen lands, is the task which appertains to all who believe in the power and the love of God.

CHAPTER XII.

NATIVE SERVANTS.

The relation between masters and servants has been an important and vexed question ever since the time when men first began to live in organised communities. Plato said that every free man should have ten slaves to work for him, in order that he might have leisure to develop his mind. The reason why the colonial-born people of South Africa are, as a rule, well informed and well read is that as all manual labour is performed for them by natives, they have plenty of time to think and read. Erasmus in his *Woman's Parliament* gives as one of the main topics for discussion the difficulties between mistresses and their servant girls. To the missionary the subject is a thorny one. Even when on leave in England he has constantly to deal with the ancient question whether Christian natives make better servants than the heathen. But when he is at his work the question is even more insistent. Weary in mind and body with the constant struggle to form Christian discipline in the lives of his native converts on some Mission station, he visits some little European settlement for Sunday services, where he is received with the greatest hospitality and kindness. After an excellent

meal, which he has thoroughly enjoyed, his host proceeds to enlarge on the iniquities of native servants in general, and of Christian servants in particular. The missionary is expected to defend them. "What is he for if he does not?" as a man once said to the writer. After this the wife asks for a native girl to be sent to work for her in the kitchen. The poor missionary is in a difficulty. The missionary knows that these girls are too weak morally to stand against the temptations of the European settlement, where they are far from a Mission station and parental control, and where he knows the employers will not take the same measures to protect them against themselves as they would in England in the case of a European servant girl. He does not wish to appear churlish, and wishes that he had gone to stay at the hotel. To explain that the missionary does not come out to the country primarily to produce natives as good servants is mere waste of time, so fixed is this idea in the European mind. Christians, too, should be better servants than the heathen, and as a matter of fact are, hence the constant demand made for them to the missionary or his wife. Let us then try to think a little over the whole matter.

Ruskin once pointed out that most difficulties arise from the fact that the average person is so illogical. "A servant is either your slave or your son." Most people in these modern days are too much influenced by Christianity to desire to be served by slave labour, and yet they are not Christian enough to receive their servants into the relationship of

children to their parents. So they adopt the unsatisfactory middle course; they teach them the Church Catechism and expect them to do their duty. This middle course is as yet too advanced a matter for the native. He understands slavery, and as a Christian he can grasp the idea of the family of which he is a humble member, but the idea of duty is beyond him.

The so-called "Dutch" method with natives is often said to be very successful. Up to its limits it is so. It is quite logical; the native was meant to be the slave of the white man: he was born for this, and should never be allowed to expect anything else: the white man is always right, and his are the only interests that matter. He may treat the native well if it suits him to do so, badly if it does not: good service will be well rewarded, bad severely punished. And the method has its merits. As far as it goes it works well. The native knows where he stands. He is naturally a good slave, and has been sought after as such all down the ages. He is easy natured and not given to revenge, and is thoughtless as regards the future. But this method has three fatal objections. In the first place, it is the ruin of the white man, as it gives him too much power and makes him idle and tyrannical. In the second place, although it might work on country farms, it cannot be applied to towns and mines where a great deal of native labour is required. In the third place, it is clean contrary to the dictates of Christianity, and cannot be followed within the limits of the British Empire, of which South Africa forms a part.

Can then the other logical alternative be applied to the native servant? Can he be received as a son? Christianity answers that he must, and says so with no uncertain voice. But is it possible? Can the native rise to the idea? Let us be logical once again. What is the relation of the father to a son in the Christian sense? It does not mean equality. The father has the authority and rules: his word is not disputed: he is honoured as the superior, not the equal of his children. But he is the father of a family, not the master of slaves. The difference is in the relationship, and it makes all the difference. The government is for the good of all, not for the private advantage of the father. The relationship is one of love, not fear. The father shows much forbearance, he does not expect too much, and he is always hopeful for better things. It is in the point of view of the relationship that the solution lies. And this solution does not apply only to the relationship of the South African to his servants. It applies to masters and their servants everywhere, and to the whole attitude of the white man toward the weaker races.

But it applies with special force to the native of South Africa. His whole attitude towards the European is that of the child to the father. He trusts much and can easily be deceived: he has a wonderful power of imitating even the smallest points of those with whom he is brought in contact. He is easily led into good or evil, and has the child's power of knowing and cleaving to those who really care for him. He knows that he is weak amidst all the

wonders of the white man's civilisation, and seeks a guide and protector. Like a child, he can be easily spoiled, grow conceited, and make foolish experiments with a half knowledge. Like a child, he can take advantage of mere weak good nature. And he has a good deal of that guile or power of deceit that we sometimes find in children. But he has also their fidelity, and the affection that no change of outward circumstances will shake. Indeed, to many it is the relationship which they are able to maintain with their dependant natives that makes the joy of life in this country. It was the attitude taken up by many good and successful employers of native labour that first caused the writer to deal with the subject in this strain. As a matter of fact, those who have been accustomed to deal with dependants in England are, as a rule, successful out here, while those who have never been accustomed to employ servants before coming to this country are dismal failures.

It is hardly necessary to add that it is only the unsuccessful employers who trouble the missionary with their complaints and demands. The good employer can always supply his own needs quite easily. Christ taught men broad principles, and those which applied to both sides in any matter. The Church has the same duty. The relationship of the master to the servant is that of the father to the son, and all must be done and considered in the light of that relationship. But that relationship can only be rightly maintained if both live in the light of a still higher relationship, recognising that they both

have a Father in Heaven, Whose rule is over all. When that great relationship is clearly felt and recognised all else falls into place, and there is a bond between them which both feel and which holds both.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE FIRING LINE IN SWAZILAND.

When men are fighting in a just cause and God is with them, the news is always good, for provided that the men themselves are true, God will give them the courage and the skill that they need. Those who follow with interest and prayer the great "Battle of the Cross" as it is being fought in the little salient of Swaziland to-day, will find nothing to discourage them, for they know that what seems a reverse to men is often turned by God into a means of victory. But let us face the facts of the situation as it stands to-day, and weigh well the skill and power of Satan.

The worst factor in the situation is, of course, the disunion of the Christian forces. What army could hope to fight a difficult battle on a small front under eighteen different leaders a little jealous of one another, and using eighteen kinds of discipline and methods of attack, and each acting independently of the others? That is the position in Swaziland to-day. The Anglican Church, represented by the S.P.G., was the pioneer; it was soon followed by the Wesleyans and the South Africa General Mission; the Salvation Army came and withdrew; then came the International Holiness Mission or Scandinavian Alliance, now divided into two separate and mutually

distrusting bodies. The Church of the Nazarene and the Pentecostal Revivalists (both American) followed ; the Lutherans and the Roman Catholics were not far behind. Two types of Pentecostal Christians, speaking with tongues, were followed rapidly by Seventh Day Adventists. The Baptists next attacked the old queen's kraal ; while the Zionists, who say their prayers sitting in the water and wear white and green garments at their all-night meetings, make a special appeal to the native mind. Always imitative of European methods, the Swazis themselves have produced two national churches, independent of European control and led by native ministers who had been suspended for gross immorality by European missions. They have also secured the help of the Ethiopian Church of South Africa and of America, and have invited a negro bishop from that country.

" Is this a nightmare born in the writer's brain ? " asks the reader. No, it is sober fact. Why should so many religious cranks concentrate their energies on this small country ? Missionary work amongst a savage people is one which demands special education, training, and character. " No thinking man is against missionary work," said the principal European resident in the country, " but let it be done in some responsible way and by responsible people."

The effect of all this upon the native is frankly disastrous. European civilisation, which has been thrust upon him so violently in the last few years, has given him mental, political, and spiritual indigestion.

But the Swazi is no fool—no Simple Simon. He knows that he must have education if he is to compete with the white man. He knows, too, that the missionary is the only person prepared to give it to him, but he thinks that the missionary mixes it up with a lot of restraint on his conduct that he does not wish for, and that this is a peculiarity of European missionaries. Why not get men of his own race who have been educated by the missionary, but who have since quarrelled with them over these very restraints, to give him education which will not interfere with his heathen social customs, and will be a form of Christianity suited to the plane of the Swazi mind ?

These native teachers are prepared to recognise the old queen as head of the Church, preach rebellion against European government and taxation, and allow, and even promote, the old heathen immorality, while at the same time they promise to provide education and to perform all kinds of wonderful things. They also teach distrust of European missionaries, whom they accuse of being in league with other white people for the exploitation of the native.

The Swaziland Missionary Conference, which is held in St. Mark's School every three years, is an attempt to induce the European missionaries to adopt a common policy. It achieves something, but does not materially alter the situation.

The Church toils laboriously on, but first Mr. Challis and then Mr. Osbourn were left with but one reliable native helper—Rev. O. Nxumalo—to supervise work over an immense area, while money and

men have been freely poured out by other, and especially American, Missions. With its long experience and the prestige of Zululand behind it, the ordered discipline of the Anglican Church appeals in some ways strongly to the Swazis, but it fails through lack of means to take advantage of openings as they occur, and is holding a difficult position on one border of the country rather than making an attack. For its size it is probably the most effective and best supervised of the Missions, and fewer of its adherents have fallen to Ethiopian propaganda than those of other bodies.

The Swazi chiefs, feeling the need of education, have raised a voluntary tax of 2s. per head throughout the country for the benefit of native schools. The Government, who are most sympathetic to all legitimate native aspirations—for Swaziland is still a Crown Colony—used part of this money for the building and equipping of a really good native school near the royal kraal. Boarding-houses were erected and everything possible was done. On applying to the Union Native Affairs Department for a good headmaster for this school, they were recommended to engage Rev. J. J. Xaba, a man of well-known character and ability. He happened to be a priest of the Church of the Province of South Africa, and in charge of an important work at St. Cuthbert's, Tsolo, but on the request of the Archbishop, the Bishop of St. John's released him and sent him to Swaziland. The Anglican Church felt the importance of the work to be done at the royal kraal, and also its urgency and the difficulties in the path, and was

prepared to make a sacrifice in order to send a valuable man.

The present writer took Mr. Xaba down to the royal kraal on his arrival, and told him that the religion, politics, and morality of the old queen's court being what they were, a big contest was inevitable.

Mr. Xaba survived an attack on grounds of sectarian jealousy—and at the present time the whole of the European missionaries are behind him—but had to dismiss a subordinate teacher for gross immorality. The old queen resented this in her school. Such action reflected on herself and her court. The native Ethiopian adventurers at the kraal saw their opportunity. If they could get Mr. Xaba dismissed a valuable billet might fall into their hands. The Government supported Mr. Xaba, whereupon the old queen ordered a " strike " of all children attending the school. This lasted six months, and Mr. Xaba still stood his ground. At last the Government, wearying of the struggle, promoted Mr. Xaba to a new school which they are about to build in the Hlatikulu district and near an enlightened chief, and meanwhile provided him with a good house in Mbabane and employed him and his daughter to teach a native school there. This is held temporarily in the little native church of St. Mark, but will probably soon outgrow that building. In June, 1922, he was sent back to Mbabane by the British Government to teach in a native school there.

To sum up and to count the loss and gain ; in the first place, we can rejoice that Christ is preached in

A SWAZI WOMAN AND CHILD

SWAZIS

Swaziland. As the Swazis are being brought more and more into contact with our semi-Christian civilisation, through the opening up of the country to settlers and the migration of natives to work on the mines in Johannesburg, Christianity is making a serious attempt to convert the nation. The attack may not always be well directed, but it is an attack, and it is being pressed at many points. It is carried out by earnest Christian people, and the Holy Spirit, the only real force that can convert a human soul, is leading into truth the followers of Christ. There is more real agreement amongst the teaching of the various Missions than might appear on the surface, and if one body presses one doctrine of the Catholic faith somewhat disproportionately, another presses the concurrent truth equally strongly. As the present writer has listened to the preaching of the Gospel by members of other Missions, he has felt strongly how much positive teaching the Catholic Church loses through this disunion. These preachers have sometimes a real force and power in bringing out truths which the more orthodox may pass lightly over.

The desire of the native to found his own national Church, and to be independent of European control, is a right desire, and one which all missionaries desire to see eventually carried out. But the attempt to carry it out has come too quickly—the time is not ripe. Catholic Christianity must be the basis of the African Church, but not catholic Christianity as seen through European spectacles. The native cannot be expected to understand the reasons for the divisions

of European Christendom, or to appreciate them even if he did understand them, but he can be expected to take and retain what is really catholic and Christian in each. He is quite clear-headed enough to see that immorality and Christianity are inconsistent, and even now he prefers discipline and order in his religion. He seeks education from any source, but he prefers religion to be untainted.

"The people at the royal kraal have for years heard preaching of all kinds, and prayers and singing, but if they see a man leading a really Christian life, they will follow him," said the writer to Mr. Xaba, when he first went to Zambodi. And although the chiefs and old queen were against him for political reasons, the people, and especially the children, followed him.

We have reason to be thankful that this native priest of the Anglican Church, who was placed in the most difficult missionary position in the country, did not fail. He fought the battle of all the other missionaries against the immorality and political sedition of Ethiopianism in its stronghold, and fought it with patience, courage, and skill. He has proved that the native can, like St. Athanasius, stand out against his little world. He has also demonstrated the value of the long training which he received from saintly European missionaries.

But we can also see how utterly useless to their people is the royal kraal of Swaziland. It is the centre of moral and physical filth—the dirtiest place in Swaziland, says every visitor. Instead of leading the people forward, these royal kraals are the back-

bone of reaction. Native adventurers, loafers, and hangers-on are here engaged in deluding an old woman, who is ignorant and greedy. The forces of civilisation will soon sweep away the last remnant of their power, and there is no doubt that their failure has proved both to the Government and to every European in the country, who is well disposed to the true interests of the native, how great a failure the rule of native chiefs really is, and has hastened its downfall. In the sweeping away of this barbaric idea of self-indulgent and selfish royalty a breath of better, sweeter air will come to the whole Swazi people.

Before concluding this brief sketch of work in Swaziland, I would like to add a few lines which may be read by some of its readers in England, and which have to do with the reception which the missionaries from Swaziland and elsewhere get when, from time to time, they return home on furlough, and with the attitude of those at home towards missionaries in general.

CHAPTER XIV.

A MISSIONARY'S FURLOUGH.

To keep a soldier always in the firing line, or in the front trenches, would, under the terrible strain of modern warfare, be a crime and a folly inconceivable. The rest camp and the periods of furlough at home enabled the men of our armies to fight and endure and conquer in the Great War. And does not the same principle, although on a lesser scale, apply to the missionary in foreign lands? As one has well said, "The missionary is like the feet of the Church—he is down in the dust and the clay; but when he moves forward the whole Church moves forward." Yes, he is down in the dust and the clay, fighting against a dry and choking absence of spiritual life and spiritual sympathy; fighting against the moral filth of the heathen mind, which seems to surround him like boggy clay. Is it fair to leave such men year after year, year after year at their lonely posts, with no period of rest and of spiritual refreshment? Does it make for good work? Or does it mean that these men struggle on desperately and bitterly, the iron of neglect having entered into their souls, with weapons blunted and limbs tired, knowing that their

work is inferior, eating out their hearts, dissatisfied with themselves and others ?

This need of spiritual refreshment, of change, and of relief is not peculiar to the missionary clergy. Perhaps it is felt most deeply by those in charge of small country parishes at home, or by those in charge of some European settlements in the colonies. The spiritual deadness of it all ! The banalities of a small life amongst semi-educated people ! How hard it is to pray with all the soul, to preach with a stirring of the heart, to work consistently and hard—and yet to see no result ! To keep this up month after month, year after year, and to find no answering power of the Holy Spirit in the lives of those amongst whom he ministers, and to find his neighbours as disheartened as himself ! These men need relief and change even more than the missionary. A man who has been in charge of a small agricultural parish of this sort, and who in twenty years—many are thirty or more at the same post—has not grown slack or tired, nay, who has even progressed in his own spiritual life, stands out as a daily miracle of the power of the risen Christ.

The missionary can wander from station to station. If things are bad at one station, and failure seems to crown his work, he will find at the next much encouragement and hope. He covers much ground, and something is always good. He has the prayers of those at home and the romance of the work behind him. He feels that he is at the beginning of things, and carries with him a great vision of the future. But even he needs rest and change !

"The Church is a hard mistress," said the manager of a cattle ranch to the writer, as in answer to some questions he learned the conditions under which her ministers worked. "Few commercial houses are greater sweaters; it must be hard to keep one's soul alive under such conditions." "Yes," said the writer, "a hard mistress, it is true, and that is why we love her so!"

The provoking thing is that these conditions could so easily be altered and life made more joyous and free. What a new lease of life would be given to a man could he be offered a change of work after ten years' service in one place, and freedom from the cares of finance! Imagine a missionary adequately supported upon some system—perhaps that of the linked parish—but adequately supported, and given proper transport if his district be a large one! The work to be done is so pressing, and the money so little that the missionary himself of necessity becomes a sweater, starving his teachers and catechists and over-working his horses, and carrying on his schools with tattered books and under miserable conditions! And then the question of relief. Can there be no system of foreign service for the Church at home? The gain in experience would be as great to the clergy of the Home Church as to those in the foreign field. The alternative before the missionary should not be—"Either I remain my lifetime here and struggle with the work as best I can, or I leave it and no one will take it on. Should I take a holiday, no one can be found to take my place, even for a few odd months"—and that is often, or, indeed,

most often, the position now—" and to leave this district unsupervised is to court disaster and to ruin the work of years."

If home ties call him back to the motherland he has to put them behind him sternly and almost cruelly. If he goes no one will come out to take his place! At any rate, there is no provision made, no certainty, and he or others must find a volunteer (no easy thing to do once out of England), though in his heart he feels that others should take their place in the front trench work, and do their share in carrying out the Master's standing orders to make disciples of all nations.

These thoughts came to the writer's mind when he returned from a six months' furlough in England, and felt the immense uplift for future work as well as the memory of the happiness and rest that such a time brings.

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